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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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[From Coleridge's Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit.]

THE BIBLE.

In every generation, and wherever the light of Revelation has shone, men of all ranks, conditions, and states of mind have found in this Volume a correspondent for every movement towards the *Better* felt in their own hearts. The needy soul has *found* supply, the feeble a help, the sorrowful a comfort; yea, be the recipiency the least that can consist with moral life, there is an answering grace ready to enter. The Bible has been found a spiritual World,—spiritual, and yet at the same time outward and common to all.—You in one place, I in another, all men somewhere or at sometime, meet with an assurance that the hopes and fears, the thoughts and yearnings that proceed from, or tend to, a right spirit in us, are not dreams or fleeting singularities, not voices heard in sleep, or spectres which the eye suffers but not perceives. As if on some dark night a pilgrim, suddenly beholding a bright star moving before him, should stop in fear and perplexity. But lo! traveller after traveller passes by him, and each, being questioned whither he is going, make answer, "I am following yon guiding Star!" The pilgrim quickens his own steps, and presses onward in confidence. More confident still will he be, if by the way side he should find, here and there, ancient monuments, each with its votive lamp, and on each the name of some former pilgrim, and a record that there he had first seen or begun to follow the benignant Star!

No otherwise is it with the varied contents of the Sacred Volume. The hungry have found food, the thirsty a living spring, the feeble a staff, and the victorious wayfarer songs of welcome and strains of music: and as long as each man asks on account of his wants, and asks what he wants, no man will discover aught amiss or deficient in the vast and many-chambered storehouse. But if instead of this, an idler or a scoffer shou'd wander through the rooms, peering and peeping, and either detects, or fancies he has detected, here a rusted sword or pointless shaft, there a tool of rude construction, and superseded by later improvements (and preserved, perhaps, to make us more grateful for them);—which of two things will a sober minded man,—who from his childhood upward had been fed, clothed, armed, and furnished with the means of instruction from this very magazine,—think the fitter plan?—Will he insist that the rust is not rust, or that is a rust *sui generis*, intentionally formed on the steel for some mysterious virtue in it, and that the staff and astrolabe of a shepherd astronomer are identical with, or equivalent to, the quadrant and telescope of Newton or Herschel?—Or will he not rather give the curious inquisitor joy of his mighty discoveries, and the credit of them for *his* reward?

Or lastly, put the matter thus. For more than a thousand years the Bible, collectively taken, has gone hand in hand with civilization, science, law,—in short, with the moral and intellectual cultivation of the species, always supporting, and often leading the way. Its very presence, as a believed Book, has rendered the nations emphatically a chosen race, and this too in exact proportion as it is more or less generally known and studied. Of those nations, which in the highest degree enjoy its influnces, it is not too much to affirm, that the differences public and private, physical, moral and intellectual, are only less than what might be expected from a diversity in species. Good and holy men, and the best and wisest of mankind, the kingly spirits of history, enthroned in the hearts of mighty nations, have declared it to be beyond compare the most perfect instrument, the only adequate organ, of Humanity;—the organ and instrument of all the gifts, powers, and tendencies, by which the individual is privileged to rise above himself—to leave behind, and lose his dividual phantom self, in order to find his true Self, in that Distinctness where no division can be,—in the Eternal I AM, the Ever-living WORD, of whom all the elect from the archangel before the throne to the poor wrestler with the Spirit *until the breaking of day* are but the fainter and still fainter echoes. And are all these testimonies and lights of experience to lose their value and efficiency, because I feel no want of history, or Holy Writ, or of my own heart for denying, that in the framework and outward case of this instrument a few parts may be discovered of less costly materials and of meaner workmanship? Is it not a fact that the Books of the New Testament were tried by their consonance with the rule, and according to the analogy, of Faith! Does not the universally admitted canon—that each part of Scripture must be interpreted by the spirit of the whole—lead to the same practical conclusion as that for which I am now contending;—namely, that it is the spirit of the Bible, and not the detached words and sentences, that is infallible and absolute!—Practical, I say, and spiritual too;—and what knowledge not practical or spiritual are we entitled to seek in our Bibles? Is the grace of God so confined, —are the evidences of the present and actuating Spirit so dim and doubtful—that to be assured of the same we must first take it for granted that all the life and co-agency of our humanity is miraculously suspended?

Whatever is spiritual, is *eo nomine* supernatural; but must it be always and of necessity miraculous! Miracles could open the eyes of the body; and he that was born blind beheld his Redeemer. But miracles, even those of the Redeemer himself, could not open the eyes of the self-blinded, of the Sadducean sensualist or the self-righteous Pharisee;—while to have said, *I saw thee under the fig tree*, sufficed to make a Nathanael believe.

To assert and to demand miracles without necessity was the vice of the unbelieving Jews of old; and from the Rabbis and Talmundists the infection has spread. And would I could say that the symptoms of the disease are confined to the Churches of the Apostacy! But all the miracles, which the legends of Monk or Rabbi contain, can scarcely be put in competition, on the score of complication, inexplicableness, the absence of all intelligible use or purpose, and of circuitous self-frustration, with those that must be assumed by the maintainers of this doctrine, in order to give effect to the series of miracles, by which all the nominal composers of the Hebrew nation before the time of Ezra, of whom there are any remains, were successively transformed into *automaton* compositors,—so that the original text should be in sentiment, image, word, syntax, and composition an exact impression of the divine copy! In common consistency the theologians, who impose this belief on their fellow Christians, ought to insist equally on the superhuman origin and authority of the Masora, and to use more respectful terms, than has been their wont of late, in speaking of the false Aristeas's legend concerning the Septuagint. And why the miracle should stop at the Greek Version, and not include the Vulgate, I can discover no ground in reason. Or if it be an objection to the latter, that this belief is actually enjoined by the Papal Church, yet the number of Christians who read the Lutheran, the Genevan, or our own authorized, Bible, and are ignorant of the dead languages, greatly exceeds the number of those who have access to the Septuagint. Why refuse the writ of consecration to these, or to the one at least appointed by the assertors, own Church! I find much more consistency in the opposition made under pretext of this doctrine to the proposals and publication of Kennicot, Mill, Bentley, and Archbishop Newcome.

But I am weary of discussing a tenet, which the generality of divines and the leaders of the Religious Public have ceased to defend, and yet continue to assert or imply. The tendency manifested in this conduct, the spirit of this and the preceding century, on which, not indeed the tenet itself, but the obstinate adherents to it against the clearest light of reason and experience, is grounded,— this it is which, according to my conviction, gives the venom to the error, and justifies the attempt to substitute a juster view. As long as it was the common and effective belief of all the Reformed Churches, (and by none was it more seduously or more emphatically enjoined than by the great Reformers of our Church), that by the good Spirit were the spirits tried, and that the light, which beams forth from the written Word, was its own evidence for the children of light;—as long as Christians considered their Bible a plenteous entertainment, where every guest duly called and attired, found the food needful and fitting for him, and where each —instead of troubling himself about the covers not within his reach—beholding all about him glad and satisfied, praised the banquet and glorified the Master of the feast,—so long did the Tenet—that the Scriptures were written under the special impulse of the Holy Ghost remain safe and profitable. Nay, in the sense and with the feelings, in which it was asserted, it was a truth—a truth to which every spiritual believer now and in all times will bear witness by virtue of his own experience. And if in the overflow of love and gratitude they confounded the power and presence of the Holy Spirit, working alike in weakness and in strength, in the morning mists and in the clearness of the full day;—if they confounded this communion and co-agency of divine grace, attributable to the Scripture generally, with those express, and expressly recorded, communications and messages of, the Most High, which form so large and prominent a portion of the same Scriptures;—if, in short, they did not always duly distinguish the inspiration, the imbreathment, of the predisposing and assisting SPIRIT from the revelation of the informing WORD,—it was at worst a harmless hyperbole. It was holden by all, that if the power of the Spirit from without furnished the text, the grace of the same Spirit from within must supply the comment.

In the sacred Volume they saw and reverenced the bounden wheat-sheaf that *stood upright*, and had *obeisance* from all the other sheaves—(the writings, I mean, of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church)—sheaves depreciated indeed, more or less, with tares,

and furrow-weeds,
Darnel and many an idle flower that grew
Mid the sustaining corn;

yet sheaves of the same harvest, the sheaves of brethren! Nor did it occur to them, that, in yielding the more full and absolute honor to the sheaf of the highly favored of their Father, they should be supposed to attribute the same worth and quality to the straw-bands which held it together. The bread of life was there. And this in an especial sense was *bread from heaven*; for no where had the same been found wild; no soil or climate dared claim it for its natural growth. In simplicity of heart they received the Bible as the precious gift of God, providential in its origin, preservation, and distribution, without asking the nice question, whether all and every part were likewise miraculous. The distinction between the providential and the miraculous, between the divine Will working with the agency of natural causes, and the same Will supplying their place by a special *fiat*—this distinction has, I doubt not many uses in speculative divinity.—But its weighties: practical application is shown, when it is employed to free the souls of the unwary and weak in faith from the nets and snares, the insiduous queries and captious objections, of the Infidel by calming the flutter of their spirits. They must be quieted, before we can commence the means necessary for their disentanglement. And in no way can this be better effected than when the frightened captives are made to see in how many points the disentangling itself is a work of expedience rather than of necessity;—so easily and at so little cost might the web be cut or brushed away!

WHAT IS TRUTH!

We have received a pamphlet of eight pages with this title from Wetumkha, Alabama. It was suggested by the expulsion of a Church member because of his Unitarian opinions. The following are extracts.

"People who attend this church must have noticed how constantly the preachers speak of the "Holy Trinity," "a Trinity in the Godhead," "God incarnate," &c. These expressions are very common, and must have a meaning. Let us search into this matter. We are confidently told that Jesus as God came into this world and died, to save men from hell. Let us carefully inquire into the correctness of these sentiments.

We hear the preachers speak of Jesus as the Son of God. We also hear them say that Jesus was the Jehovah of Moses, the only true God. They sometimes say, Jesus was God veiled in flesh—God-Man—possessing two distinct natures—to be worshipped and adored by men on earth, and by the angels in heaven, as the Creator of all things. These ideas are not confined to the Methodists. They are common with the Baptists and the Presbyterians, who say these ideas of God *are true;* and what is more, they will expel every member who is known to dispute the correctness of these doctrines. No one is allowed to question them, for fear of disturbing the church! Therefore, these doctrines must be received as the truth. Hence we hear the religious services usually closed with the Doxology:

"To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, *three* in ONE."

This doctrine conveys ideas to my mind which I cannot believe scriptural. I cannot believe this doctrine, because it makes Jesus teach the grossest absurdities, and denies his character as well as that of our Heavenly Father. Read the following quotations of Scripture, and keep in mind the idea that Jesus himself was God, and see if you can believe such a doctrine. Here is the law and the testimony:

When the Pharisees heard that Jesus had put the Sadducees to silence, they sent a subtle lawyer to ask him questions. He asked, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. See Matthew xxii. 35-9. I here pause, and inquire, whom did Jesus mean as "the Lord thy God?" Is it possible he meant himself? I think not. But again,

The Jews having denied being born of fornication, say to Jesus, "We have one Father, even God. Jesus said unto them, If God were your Father, ye would love me: for I proceeded forth and came from God: neither came I of myself, but he sent me." John viii. 42. Again, Jesus says, "He that sent me is with me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him" John viii. 29. Reader, does this look like teaching us the idea that Jesus was himself, the very God of whom he spake, as Methodists teach? Here we have Scripture, that Jesus *was not God*—for he says, "I proceeded forth and came from God:" and more, "Neither came I of myself, but he sent me;" and further, "I do always those things that please him." If this is not enough to prove my assertion in saying the Methodists are in error, when they say Jesus was God, I will produce other evidence.

The Scripture said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." John iii. 16, 17. Can any doctrine be plainer than this? Here we are told God's love to man caused him to give his Son; and more, that he did not come to condemn, but to save men. How does this scripture look when compared with the popular idea of the Methodists, that Jesus died TO APPEASE GOD'S WRATH! Let God be true, and popular ideas *must be false.* I believe the Scriptures give a true state of the matter, and for so believing I must leave the Church!

We are told by the Methodists and others, that Jesus had two natures; so that in reading his word we must always keep the mind on a stretch, lest we make a mistake in his teaching! because they say he sometimes speaks *in his manhood;* and at other times IN HIS GODHEAD! Well, just keep this idea in mind and go with me to Jesus's words, and see if such a doctrine is true. Get your Bible, and look at John xx. 17, and you will learn what to believe. Here is Jesus arisen from the dead; and about to leave the world, and what does he say to Mary? Hear it, all ye Methodists, who say Jesus is God. "Jesus said unto her, Go unto my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." Now I ask, which is true, Jesus or Methodism? Here Jesus says, "I ascend to my Father, and my God;" but Methodists say, No: Jesus was God, and *the human nature* here speaks! I will not thus trifle with holy things.

Again, the disciples came to Jesus for instruction in prayer, and said "Lord, teach us to pray." Jesus said, "Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father, which art in heaven," &c. Mind ye, they were to pray in secret, in their closets. See Matthew vi. 5. Can any man in his senses, believe that Jesus meant these prayers should be offered to himself, as God? I cannot believe such absurdity. But Methodism says I must so belie my Savior. I must believe Jesus the God to hear prayer, or quit the church! The reader can see which is right in this matter."

THE CHURCH BELLS.

The following is from an article in Jerrold's Magazine, entitled. "St. Giles and St. James."

"There's something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful—they talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there's a sound in 'em that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes: there's a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears to rightly understand it. There's a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures; poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies; your week-day craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, cold and cojured, helpless through—through that bells ye, that for all your pride and your errors, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble; learning that however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come; and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart and walk among the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."

HANNAH ADAMS.

Hannah Adams, a name identified with American literature, was born at Medfield, eighteen miles from Boston, in the year 1755. Her father was the son of a wealthy yeoman who had an extensive farm, and gave his only child a good early education, extending so far as the preparing him in the languages, and other branches of knowledge, to enter college; but suddenly he called his boy home to make him a farmer, for which it seems he could have been but indifferently qualified. In addition to his agricultural pursuits, her father opened a country store, and among other varieties sold books, to which he was more attached than to cornbins and haystacks. He was married early and had several children. The subject of this memoir was his second daughter. Miss Hannah Adams always represented her mother as an excellent woman, but one who was very indulgent to her daughter, and made her a pet child; for she was an invalid from her cradle. At the age of ten years, Miss Adams lost this excellent parent, just at the time she most wanted her kind and careful attentions. There were no good schools in the neighborhood at that time; but such as they were, it does not appear that she ever tried them, learning to read and write at home. She was a most inveterate devourer of all books that came in her way, probably without any particular discrimination; sermons, controversial divinity, novels, history, tales of conversions, of Indian wars, and all that mass of strange medleys, which at that period of our literature, and long since, floated through a country village. Such was her desire for knowledge, that sisterly affection, and parental authority, were often exerted to tear her from her books. Many of the best English authors had at this time been printed in Boston; and she committed to memory nearly the whole of Milton, Pope, Thomson, Armstrong, and others of this school. Shakspeare had not then come into vogue, being read then only by a few; but the instant she had possession of the work, it riveted her attention, notwithstanding on this side of the water, the merits of the great child of nature had not been generally known or acknowledged. She at this time, studied every work on history and geography she should reach, and became a wonderful proficient in these branches of learning.

While engaged in these wanderings, in the general fields of literature, her father failed. It was in those evils times which preceded the revolution, and the family was thrown from abundance, if not from wealth, to penury and want. This was a sad reverse for Miss Adams, for in her studious reveries, she had never thought of the necessity of doing any thing in the way of earning a living, nor was she bred to the knowledge of household duties. Miss Adams was not then known out of a small reading party; and in fact, there was no literary public at that day for her to rest upon, and from whom to expect succor. Her sister, a less literary woman than herself, knew more of human nature, and made a better guide for her than often falls to the lot of helpless females; she advised with her in all things. At this time her father took into his house some boarders, who had received a classical education; they were either pursuing some profession, or had just entered into some one. From these she learned Latin and Greek; and as she always pursued matters thoroughly, she made herself a good scholar in these branches of knowledge. But at that period there seemed to be no opportunity for her to exercise her talents, or display her acquirements. There was not a female academy in the thirteen States. At this time she acknowledges that she had no strength of constitution or firmness of purpose. During the revolutionary war she learned to make lace with cushion and bobbins, and for several years this was a lucrative female employment. This manufactory had been in use in old Ipswich, in that commonwealth, ever since the first settlement of the country. The first settlers brought the cushion and the bobbin with them from England, and many a good old dame who had no other, was comfortable by this profession. The art had been brought with them from Ipswich, in the mother country, and the taste for the consumption of the article also. The show of lace generally increased with years of single blessedness. The importation of lace was nearly cut off, and the home-made was used to a very considerable extent, during the eighth year of the war. When the peace took place, this business was in a measure destroyed, and she was out of employment again. She could not keep a country school; her nerves would not permit it. She now undertook, and with great success, to prepare a few young gentlemen for college; and when they repaired to Cambridge for examination, they were found to be most admirably fitted to enter the institution. This was a novelty, and gave her great fame thoughout the country, but little pecuniary profit. At this period she accidentally fell upon Broughton's dictionary of religious sects, and reading this work with avidity and pleasure, she began to make remarks upon it. The history of the different sects in religion took entire possession of her mind, and she pushed her inquiries into the wide field of fact and speculation with unrestrained ardor. She read of creeds until her mind grew weary of conjecturing which was right; and she pondered upon what she read until she knew not what to believe; but she was determined to give her lucubrations to the public. She had so exhausted her mind, in making this effort, that she had a severe fit of sickness; and the benevolent Dr. Mann, then at Wrentham, came to her relief, and she was saved from the grave. There is no subject that falls to the lot of man to discuss; that so much disturbs the mind as the contemplation of numerous religious creeds. Happy is he who has some guide and settled opinions, and is not left on the sea of uncertainty in forming his own opinions on religious subjects. With a purity of mind, and an honesty of purpose, seldom, if ever equaled, Miss Adams was lost in doubt, until her corporeal frame sunk under it, and her mental powers were near following. But she was determined to publish, at all hazards; and she was not the first parent who cherished her offspring at the risk of her own life. Her first edition gave her nothing but fame. The booksellers of that day thought they did well not to involve the author in expense. This edition went off well; so well, that the publisher wrote to her that he was about giving a second to the public. This liberty she peremptorily denied him, and made arrangements herself to bring out a second edition. For this purpose she went to Boston, and consulted with Dr. Freeman, a fine scholar, and also one of the most benevolent of men. He made an advantageous bargain for her, as literary labors were then estimated, but what would be considered a paltry sum at the present day, among the best publishers in any city of the Union. Her next publication was the history of New England. At this time there were but few standard works on the hissachusetts; and she was too honest to take anything on any single authority. She went back to primitive authorities, and of course found it a laborious task to finish her book. She began to abridge this work for schools, but was forestalled by a book maker; but the dispute has been settled in her favor, and nothing more need be said on the subject. The course then pursued among writers was more honorable than it has been in later times, when men, considered as honest, and men high in public favor, have not hesitated to retard others, that they might figure in, and reap the harvest of glory or profit. The diseases of envy and avarice invest literary as well as other men.

The next work of Miss Adams was a review of the Christian religion. This is a most satisfactory and candid work; one cannot read it without acknowledging that it is the work of a capacious and an enlightened mind. In the abridgment of her history of New England, one misfortune did not come alone. The publisher of the first edition failed, and she lost the whole. Another was tried, and she was equally unfortunate with him. She was depressed, but not discouraged; and kept on with her pen, although nothing of a permanent advantage had yet accrued from all her labors, excepting an extensive fame.

Her next work was on the history of the Jews. She was read deeply on this subject, and was fired with enthusiasm in the cause of this long persecuted people. The scripture history of the Jews was known to all her friends, for they were born in New England, and had read the Bible attentively; but what had become of them since the New Testament was written, the people did not know, and did not much care, until she excited an interest in their favor. She pursued the subject with the same enthusiasm she had other subjects, and was almost identified with the sisters of Israel, although a good Christian herself. This is a subject of deep interest, considered in a historical or religious view; and comes in most forcibly to prove the Christian dispensation. This book sold well; but some of her subscribers wished the Jews in the Red Sea, with the host of Pharoah, when they took it for her sake alone. But those who took pains to read the work were delighted with it, for the research, the candor, the piety, and the good judgment, shown in the volume. Other works, since that time, have been written upon the subject, and all go to prove the value of hers.

By this time her fame had extended to Europe; and she had many valuable correspondents, among whom was the celebrated Abbe Gregoire, who had struggled hard in France for the emancipation of the Jews from the disabilities under which they had for ages labored.—The Abbe, with all his eccentricities, had the heart of a philanthropist. He sent Miss Adams several works on the Jews, which she acknowledged were of great service to her in writing the work she was engaged upon. The learned men of this country assisted her, whenever she gave them an opportunity, which she always cheerfully acknowledged. Among others, that sweet minstrel of Israel, the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster. He cheered her in her path, threw no doubts in her way, and whenever she grew weary, or desponded, like a good friend, he raised her spirits to new exertions. The literati of her neighborhood were always on the watch to assist her; and she was not ungrateful for their kindness.

While she was under the most fearful apprehensions for the future, when her literary enterprises were in their most disastrous state, from the failure of booksellers and other causes, three distinguished lovers of letters, and true philanthropists, Stephen Higginson, Josiah Quincy, and William S. Shaw, set about devising ways and means to secure Miss Adams a competent annuity for life. This was effected without any public appeal to the generosity of the patrons of literature, but was arranged so privately, that neither Miss Adams nor those about her knew of it until all was settled and the first quarter's rent paid in advance. This was truly a noble act, and reflects high honor on the character of the Bostonians. Miss Adams was not a woman of the highest order of genius; but modesty, sound sense, and extensive learning, were eminently hers. She had no prejudices to overcome, no vices to correct, and no party feelings to restrain. She was ill constructed for bearing the evils of existence; easily disheartened, and wanted the soothings of those of influence to keep her quiet. The writer does not remember that her works were ever severely criticised by any reviewer, in England or the United States; but most assuredly, many good things have been said of her writings, in both countries.

In the last twenty years of her life, Miss Adams was a fortunate woman. There was a large circle of elderly ladies, Mrs. Codman, Shaw, Dowse, Bussy, and in fact, many others, who gave her general invitations to their houses, and she was intimate with them at all times; and it was at their tables that she formed many of her acquaintances which she valued. Many of them were eager to become subscribers for her works, as they were announced. In looking over her productions, we see a most extraordinary spirit of candor, breathing in every sentence that she wrote. She gave us a good history of New England for schools, and for the young reader, as it is so honest, and shows so much industry, and it is not wanting in philosophical remark. She lived long among those friends, and they did not grow tired of her as she grew old, as is often the case, but petted her as much when she groped her way, half blind, to their doors, as they did when she was commencing her career in Boston.

Miss Adams died on the fifteenth of November, 1832, of general decay, aged seventy-six. The public feeling, which had supported her for so many years, did not desert her in death. The tasteful part of that vicinity had previously purchased a most romantic spot, not far from the University of Cambridge, for a classical burying-ground and garden, and it was nearly in readiness to receive the dead, when she wanted a grave. By one of those felicitous thoughts, which always attend the sentimental and tasteful, it was decreed that she should be the first buried at Mount Auburn, and that a plain and simple monument should be erected on the spot where her ashes should repose. She was buried there, and the monument has been erected on the consecrated ground. [Female Biography.

For the Register.

THE MEETING OF TWO FRIENDS AFTER LONG SEPARATION BY DEATH.

A. And do I at length behold thee, beloved B.!

B. And is it thee so valued? why this tranquil greeting when in yon cold world it was so ardent?

A. Can aught but the opening subjects of the divine government excite the ardor of unclothed spirits? This solemn stillness gives a high Sabbath to me and I feel the essence of my existence welling forth to enter anew those objects.

B. In states when this abstraction (which is common to all unbodied more or less) is gifted me, it is valuable, and like those on earth when I sat motionless and looked at the shade of welcome melancholy which rested on the heavy foliage of the trees beneath the black thundercloud that hung so low, so thrillingly low that heaven and earth seemed blended and I beheld forms of marvellous omen.

A. And here in many of the regions I have visited, those very emotions become so keenly captivating that one recals the gorgeous symbol of its endlessly wide-spread branches and inhaling new fragrance of immortality! Then hope kindles of deciphering new forms of mystery and expands into long, long vistas.

B. Hope—ah! it never formed but a small part of my temperament, enough barely to constitute a mortal.

A. Is it thus—that same pure mind when moored safely from the cold winds of a warring world!

B. Is not the spirit's essence unchangeable!

A. A sublime fact, we believe, which relates the soul to God by its nature.

B. Yet some cannot pierce this relation.

A. You are not always thus sad?

B. I love it—at times it wraps me round like the prophet's mantle who sat solitary. A far more painful cause induced, other than sadness. I saw of late what chilled my capacity for joy.

A. Is it possible! Tell explain then—I understood not the object.

B. Is it lawful!

A. Surely—Is thy mind wandering!

B. It may be more sedate than thine who want to surround the darkest facts with the halo of fancy.

A. Dear boon! But disclose thy lurid vision to thy ever-trusted friend.

B. I was sitting in my secluded bower when the light became very brilliant and I remained to gaze on the scenes of a festival which some joyous ones were surrounding, when I beheld an early friend of the past clothed in very splendid robes. He drew near in the mystic figures which were drawn from geometrical designs, to my recess, and in moving his vehicle the ambrosial airs blew aside some part of his vesture—and lo! a dark ugly worm was near his heart. I saw the reptile. Explain, if possible.

A. I shudder—a moment, and I am tranquil. There was no reptile, but alas! there was an emblem of memory. This man was ardent even in virtue, in heroic deeds of self-sacrifice. His distinguished drapery does but justice to his missions of humanity for human welfare; but shall I proceed? He was a favorite of yours.

B. Proceed.

A. He was not uniformly careful of the means of sacred obedience to the least demands of TRUTH.

B. He loved it.

A. I believe, but he did not possess its deepest vital power; his missionizing objects were strongest and they discolored facts.

B. He is here and with honors.

A. I see them. His days, his years of bitter penance and self-renunciation have been accepted through the influence of One who is the medium of mercy; still immortal memory often vivifies the past and shades his brightest holidays.

B. Is it possible! Let me ever rejoice in soberer joys and sometimes saddened visions, if no gnawing memory invades.

A. But may not ages destroy its power, new scenes and more arduous duties obliterate the stains of failing even in the immutable virtues!

B. The essence of soul—can such stains be eradicated!

A. Faith answers they can; but hark, the trump of joy summons. See, behold new heroes, in beauty and majesty—in stillness how sublime—whence!

B. We cannot discover. Mystery shrouds even these symbols of divine approbation with mingled hues, with emotions of pleasure and aching curiosity.

A. There is a grave and burning seraph at the head of this coterie and I will inquire.

B. Beware of repulse.

A. High Seraph, may one of mortal race ask the nature and destiny of this unique band!

Seraph. Thou wert once allied to them in nature and pursuits.

A. Impossible.

Seraph. Dost thou remember a day and place when thou did'st choose a path which promised success and usefulness in great and shining efforts of benevolence!

A. O, too well. I tremble—but rejoice that I ever bowed to that will which denied success, and which I foresaw would deny, according to the nature of a perfect government, a place among the higeer ranks. And I do know there is an absolute dependence on God for happiness which is better than any other consciousness, perhaps, than even that of the virtue which He has enabled us to possess. But, pardon, high Dignity, this egotism, and deign to explain these marvellous heiroglyphics which do surround these selected ones.

Seraph. They are the contrivance of those ingenious angels who watched their obscure and rugged path, whose frequent sacrifices demanded more faith and patience than the short, burning stake of the martyrs, who were in one measure unconscious of the "completeness" of their Christian graces, so devoted to the inward demands of truth, and charity, and humility; much less did they calculate on crowns and palms, but they are wise to interpret these emblem I feel sure of endless approach to the centre of all perfection.

A. I may never reach them!

Seraph. Thou art purified from ambitious virtues, and lovest it for its own eternal beauty. Go on in joy and fidelity towards the Being whose gifts and grace, whether to the penitent or angelic orders, are free, and undeserved by the highest. M. E.

Maine, June 27, 1846.

[Copied from a fragment of 1830.

SAY, "THANK YOU."

A man driving by our office one day last week, lost a board out of his wagon, but did not perceive it. A laboring man in the street saw it fall, and hailed the well-dressed man in the wagon, who hearing a noise, stopped his horses; when the laborer walked a couple of rods, picked up the board, and stepped towards the wagon. Before he got to it, the person sitting in it told him where to put it; but while he was putting it in, he did not turn his face to the man who was obliging him, and then drove off without even saying, "Thank you, sir."

"What a boorish act," the reader may exclaim, and so it was. But it arose probably from thoughtlessness. The man had never accustomed himself to say, "thank you," when obliged, and therefore it did not come natural to him. But what a mistake it is not to have a pleasant greeting on such occasions—aye, indeed, on all [illegible] impression upon the mind of the other, and also to have taught a good lesson to his family in the wagon with him, by simply a pleasant word. But it was lost, and the man turned away, we thought, with a kind of expression on his face of "Well, if that is all I get for picking up his board, that man may pick it up himself next time." Yes, even more than this is the effect of such a want of politeness. The obliger is tempted to resolve that he will not trouble himself about favoring others, if he cannot get even a "thank you" for his pains.

If when the laborer picked up the board—or we should say the gentleman—for it was a gentlemanly act to do it, because it was an obliging one—the man in the wagon had said with a smile on his countenance,—and the saying it would have brought the smile there—"I am much obliged to you, sir"—both parties would have separated with pleasant feelings, and be more likely to favor others on the next opportunity.

Say "thank you" when you stop a person in the street, and ask him for a direction; say "thank you" when any person does you a favor, no matter how trivial; and your heart will grow warmer and kinder, for such expressions have their origin in the heart. Thus gentleness will be promoted, and an amenity of manners be acquired, that becomes the gentleman, no matter, whether your coat be of the finest quality or of the coarsest texture. [Poughkeepsie Telegraph.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

Histories and biographies (says Dr. Bushnell) make little account of the power men exert insensibly over each other. They tell how men haveled armies, established empires, enacted laws, gained causes, sung, reasoned and taught; always occupied in setting forth what they do with a purpose. But what they do without a purpose, the streams of influence that flow out from their persons unbidden on the world, they cannot trace or compute, and seldom even mention. So also the public laws make men responsible only for what they do with a positive purpose, and take no account of the mischiefs or benefits that are communicated by their noxious or healthful example. The same is true in the discipline of families, churches, and schools; they make no account of the things we do, except we will them. What we do insensibly passes for nothing, because no human government can trace such influences with sufficient certainty to make their authors responsible.

But you must not conclude that influences of this kind are insignificant, because they are unnoticed and noiseless. How is it in the natural world? Behind the mere show, the outward noise and stir of the world, nature always conceals her hand of control, and the laws by which she rules. Who ever saw with the eye, for example, or heard with the ear, the exertions of that tremendous astronomical force, which every moment holds the compact of the physical universe together? The lightning is, in fact, but a mere fire-fly spark in comparison; but because it glares on the clouds, and thunders so terribly in the ear, and rives the tree or the rock where it falls, many will be ready to think that it is a vastly more potent agent than gravity.

The Bible calls the good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its property, in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world.—And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature. It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments and temples, are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft, and genial, and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more, let the hour of morning come and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, and yet colder, is the night. The vital blood, at length, of all creatures, stops congealed. Down goes the frost towards the earth's center. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay the earthquakes themselves are frozen in, under their fiery cavorns. The very globe itself too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light, which re-visits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in its cradle. And yet it perpetually new creates the world, rescuing it, each morning, as a prey from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even "the light of the world," and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stirs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults. The law of human influence is deeper than many suspect, and they lose sight of it altogether. The outward endeavors made by good men or bad to sway others, they call their influence; whereas it is, in fact, but a fraction, and in most cases, but a very small fraction, of the good or evil that flows out of their lives. Nay, I will even go father. How many persons do you meet, the insensible influence of whose manners and character is so decided, as often to thwart their voluntary influence; so that whatever they attempt to do, in the way of controlling others, they are sure to carry the exact opposite of what they intend!—And it will generally be found, that where men undertake by argument or persuasion to exert a power, in the face of qualities that make them odious or detestable, or only not entitled to respect, their insensible influence will be too strong for them. In all such cases, the voluntary influence of men will not even compose a fraction, however small, of what they do.

The discovery has been made, and in some places men have begun to act upon it, that it is better to prevent the commission of crime, than to punish it when committed; that a merciful code of school laws may be made to take the place of a sanguinary code of criminal laws; that good schools are better than bad jails; that a kind schoolmaster is a more useful member of society than a savage executioner; that capital instruction is better than capital punishment; that it is better and easier to teach a boy to love a heavenly Judge, and keep his commandments, than to teach a man to fear an earthly judge, after he has broken the commandments; that it is pleasanter to spend a long life in the service of God and mankind, and the enjoyment of health and prosperity, than to divide a short life between the poor-house and the prison, and end it on a gallows; that it is better to prepare men to fill their own pockets honestly, than to tempt them to empty their neighbors' pockets dishon-

[From Dr. Wyman's new work on Ventilation.]

VENTILATION OF CHURCHES.

During the winter the change of air consequent upon the great difference of temperature between the internal and external air is generally sufficient for the number usually assembled in churches. They are commonly lofty and capacious, and afford a magazine upon which the audience may draw during the hour it is usually assembled, and, if proper care is taken to open the doors or windows between the services, a sufficient change of air will be produced before the audience returns. When the church is small, and much crowded, especially in the evening, when a large amount of foul air is produced by the means used for lighting, and when, also, it was warmed by close stoves or other radiating bodies within it, such an amount of ventilation will be found altogether insufficient, and it becomes necessary to adopt special arrangements.

A serious inconvenience, experienced by all who sit near the large windows of churches in cold weather, is the descent of cold air upon their heads, and the various local currents which such a movement inevitably produces. This inconvenience can be obviated only by introducing double glazed windows, or some translucent material stretched upon a frame, which shall act as a tight curtain, and prevent the warm air from coming in contact with the external glass windows.

It has been proposed, of late, to close all side windows, and illuminate entirely by the roof. In cities, where it is difficult to obtain sufficient space around a church to command a free supply of air, such an arrangement would be particularly advantageous. The money that is now so frequently, in this country, expended in ornamenting an exterior, which cannot be seen, could be devoted to beautifying the interior in a manner suited to the devotional spirit which it should be the object of all such decorations to encourage. The front, if in a situation to be well seen, still would afford

The outlet should be at the ceiling, from one or more points connected with a trunk leading to the top of the tower or steeple. This trunk, also, should be fitted with a valve, for the long column of heated air which will be thus formed will often be much greater than is required. When the church is heating, this valve should always be closed.

Mr. Tredgold, in his work on the Principles of Warming and Ventilating Public Buildings (a work which seems to have been strangely forgotten by recent writers on this subject,) proposes, in new buildings, that they should be constructed with flues for cold air down the piers between the windows. The air could then enter at openings in the frieze under the cornice, pass down a smooth flue, and beneath the floor, to rise in the church through gratings in the floor of the aisles; and by disposing some of these flues on each side of the church, they would act with the wind in any direction. From the floor the air would rise to the centre-piece, the opening in which could be masked by a shield, and escape through a common lufferboarded outlet on the roof, of the building is destitute of steeple and bell-tower.

In a few churches in this country, the old practice of constructing tombs beneath them still continues. We cannot enough insist upon the deleterious influence such a custom must have upon the health of those frequenting the church; whatever care is taken in the construction of a tomb, some of the gases will escape, be diffused in the air of the vaults, and find its way into the church. It is to be hoped that soon the influence of the beautiful cemetery at Mount Auburn may produce a right feeling on this subject in the community, and prevent this revolting custom of mingling the living with the dead.

In chapels, which are smaller and more liable to be filled or crowded than the larger churches, ventilating apertures are more important than in churches. Frequently, the gallery or orchestra of a chapel is above the windows; consequently, all change of air in the gallery is effectually cut off by these openings.

* From inattention to this point, of admitting the light low enough down to allow it to pass under the gallery, it was found necessary, in a church in which the side windows had been closed, to cut other windows under the gallery, before sufficient light could be obtained for those sitting there.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 22, 1846.

WANT OF MINISTERS.

We have already published several communications on this subject, and have deferred replying to them from an unwillingness to say what might, however kindly spoken, wound the feelings of friends whom we both love and honor. The facts are these. There are now ten or twenty candidates without parishes and half that number or more of parishes without ministers. In our remarks we leave out of the account those who came from the school this year. Now among these candidates are some of the purest and best men that we know—men of high intellectual attainments and rare spiritual gifts. But the fact that they have been for the past year seeking parishes, and that vacant parishes have been seeking ministers, and yet that both remain unsupplied, shows either that they have not the peculiar gifts adapted to these parishes or that the parishes are not fitted for them. More laborers are wanted, that the present vacancies may be filled. New places may become vacant, which may be the places for them; or it may be that with all their excellent qualities, they are not fitted for the profession, which they have chosen.

The case is a hard one, we know. But just such hard cases exist in the other professions. Hundreds of those who study law and medicine never succeed. They do nothing towards supporting themselves by their professional business. They may be pure and upright, they may have great enthusiasm for their studies and be among the most learned in their profession, and yet from the want of something,—a tact for business, the power of commending themselves to others, or whatever it may be—they find themselves without a client or a patient, while others greatly their inferiors have all that they can do. This is a great evil, and presses heavily on many good men, but it is a part of the present order of things, and can be removed only by renewing the whole order of society.

We have thus far gone on the ground that men really skilled in their professional duties may thus fail. It also happens and must happen, that young men, without experience and with no decisive indications of genius, choose a calling for which they are wholly unfit,—for which neither their natural endowments nor their subsequent attainments either in learning or manners or the more substantial elements of character have fitted them. They of course must fail. They cannot fill the vacancies. A hundred such candidates do not prove that the profession is overstocked. Figures, therefore, which it is said never lie, give to us no just knowledge of the real state of the case. It is hard to see these men without employment. But they have made a mistake; they have chosen the wrong business, and nothing remains but to prepare themselves for something else. Still, young men should not be in a hurry to give up, because they do not succeed at first. The Duke of Wellington showed himself a coward in his first battle. Sheridan entirely failed in his first attempts at eloquence. A very wise man, who heard Dr. Channing when he began to preach, lamented that he should so have mistaken his calling. And many young men, through years of hard and apparently unsuccessful labor, where the heart has been right, work themselves up into distinguished eminence and usefulness.

We have many other things to say; but gladly give place to our correspondent, who has a right to speak on this subject. During the best of his life he held his place in one of the most remote of our parishes and then exchanged that only for another more arduous and trying; faithfully performing the duties of a minister and at the same time supporting his family by other and severe labors. Such a man has a right to speak, such as we cannot claim for ourselves. His example comes with an authority which our words cannot have.

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For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—From some expressions which I have noticed in your columns, I indulge the hope, that you intend to reply to the recent communications of "X." on the subject of the supply of ministers. Still it appears to me so important that something should be said to show the other side of this question, that I am induced to send you the thoughts that have occurred to me,—leaving it of course to your discretion to publish or suppress them. The articles of "X." are well written, and exhibit much of truth. Still I cannot but think, that if unanswered, they may have a most dangerous tendency,—to discourage young men from entering the ministry,—to discourage those who are now candidates from seeking distant fields of labor, and to give both to those within our denomination and those beyond it, far too low an idea of the success which it is capable of attaining.

I shall not controvert, otherwise than incidentally, the reasoning of "X.;" but rather look at the general subject from an opposite point of view. All may be true that our brother X. has stated; and yet there may be a demand for more ministers. I am aware of the delicacy of my task. I shall try to perform it without giving just grounds of offence to any. Yet I shall not disguise the truth for fear or favor.

Sixteen years since, the average number in the classes of the Divinity School at Cambridge was twelve. Such was the demand for preachers, that of the class which had then just graduated, four at least were engaged in the active duties of the ministry before the Visitation. Yet then the whole wide West was a field almost unexplored. Then, the ministry at large enjoyed, if I remember right, only the services of its venerable founder. It certainly presented no field of labor to diminish materially the number of candidates for regular settlement.

Let us now look at the present. The classes for several years past have not averaged above eight. These eight who are annually graduated have to supply not only the Unitarian pulpits of New England, but the new Churches of the West, and the new and important claims of the ministry at large. If under these circumstances there is now a superfluity of preachers, when there was none sixteen years ago, then must Unitarianism be dying out rapidly enough to satisfy the warmest desires of its opponents.

But let us notice a few facts, which may lead us to doubt the existence of this superfluity.

First. It has been already stated in your columns, that the New York Association sought a minister last spring, and sought in vain. He was to be employed for three months on trial, and three hundred dollars had been raised for his salary and expenses.

Next; for more than two years past, the Church in Washington has been seeking a pastor, and cannot find one. Formal calls have been given to three gentlemen, and private appeals made to I know not how many, but still the place, with all the attractions of the most cultivated society, and the prospect of distinguished usefulness, remains vacant—temporary provision only being made for its supply, though happily at present of the most desirable kind.

Thirdly; where is the second Unitarian Society in Philadelphia? Why has the attempt which was for some years made, been discontinued? Or if there was anything unfortunate in that attempt, in regard to location or any other circumstance, why has not another been made? Can any one doubt that in such a city, of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and where Unitarianism has been long and ably preached, more is wanted than for the right man to come and collect a second Church?

Instances might be multiplied to the fullest extent, to show that there is in various sections of the country, a demand for Unitarian preachers, in situations where either a support would be furnished them at once, or where if sustained for a short time by the friends of the Association, energy and talent would soon render their position independent.

But what shall we reply to the assertions of our brother "X.;" that there are numerous candidates already in the field, including men of piety, zeal and ability, and that of these several are frequently without employment? I will not dispute the statement made. It may be, that while our mere distant posts cannot obtain preachers, Boston and its vicinity are thronged with them. If this state of things be so, let us know it, and the reasons of it.

There will always be some candidates without employment. It is always more or less uncertain, when a young man chooses a profession, whether he will succeed in it; and from various causes, there always are and always will be some who having prepared for the ministry, find that it is not the right profession for them. This may be the case with men of excellent characters and fine talents. It has been the case with such, in instances sufficient to console any one who finds himself thus situated. Happily, an education for the ministry is so far an education for literature in general, that he who has such an experience, is better situated than many others who have become dissatisfied with the business of their first choice. As a teacher or as a writer, the candidate who withdraws from the field can find most useful and honorable employment, leaving the work of the ministry to men perhaps his inferiors in many respects, but possessing that adaptation to its peculiar tasks, of which he has felt the want.

Again,—there are candidates in and around the city, who are in their right place. There is the field to which they are adapted. Let them, unblamed, await the selection which the New England Churches are continually making from their number.

But there are probably others, who would do well to seek some different field of labor. Nor, this because they are deficient in ability. On the contrary, the service to which they are adapted is one which requires talent and zeal, as much as any can bring to it. If they have that spirit which the writer of these lines recalls as animating the bosoms of his classmates in years gone by, they will feel, as they contemplate the Western or the Southern missionary ground,

"If a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

Are there not young men, among our present candidates, or among those disposed to commence the study of the profession, who feel that it would be noble to work with their own hands, as Paul did, if they might have something of Paul's usefulness to reward them for it? Are there not those who rather than be shown off to parish after parish till their well-polished sermons are loathsome to themselves from repetition, would go and call together the few faithful hearts in some northern or western town, take the pittance they are able to afford,—add to it if need be by their own labor during the week, and feel that they are blessed in working to the utmost of their power?. If such be the spirit of our candidates, the world is wide enough for them. The harvest is great; the laborers are few; and much of that harvest must be unreaped unless the Lord thereof send forth more laborers.

Y.

MISSIONS.

We talk much of missionary labor, and some of us speak harshly of young men who hang about here, doing nothing, rather than engage in it. It may not be our duty to leave our comfortable homes and go with our families to fill these remote but important stations. Probably we should not be fitted for them if we went. But would not our words have more weight, and should we not give better evidence of the sincerity of our Christian zeal, if we should deny ourselves some of our luxuries and some even of the comforts of life, that we might do something to sustain those of our brethren, who with hearts as pure, and minds as gifted, and families as dear as ours, are struggling from year to year with a most precarious support. We must confess, that in this point of view we do not look upon ourselves with the satisfaction that we could desire. "Where," we sometimes ask, is the evidence of our Christian zeal! What have we ever sacrified for the cause of Christ! We have received for ourselves the most comfortable places within our reach. But what have we done!" Are these things right? Are we not called upon to do more, to sacrifice more, to curtail our wants, to be willing to endure more hardness as soldiers of Christ.

Another thing we would say. Our faith is precious to us. We talk of it and think of it as the richest gift of God,—the power which is to enfranchise the world. We would send out missionaries to proclaim it. Yet we go abroad ourselves; we travel to the utmost limits of the land. We visit watering places and large cities and the distant wilderness. Do we go as missionaries, as men charged with a solemn message, with great and inspiring truths—truths for which the Son of Man came into the world and died upon the cross? Are we faithful? Do we in meekness and love and tenderness, but firm and earnest as the embassadors of God, set forth these mighty truths, that, if we should be struck down in a journey, the last place where we had tarried would ring still with our words, as the mountains of Berkshire resound with the soul-kindling words which have gone through all the land as the dying legacy of Channing? No one can read the life of Henry Ware, without seeing how faithful he was in this respect. Wherever he went, if he had strength to speak, his voice was heard. The solemn truths, on which as it seemed to him, the salvation of the world depended, found utterance. His influence was felt. His conversation had power. His countenance was even more than a benediction. But is it so with us? Do we in travelling make it a point to pass our Sabbaths, where we may strengthen the arm of some brother, worn down and ready to faint in his solitary place? We may be travelling for health; but do we not think too much of our own ease? Do we, so much as we ought, make it a point to go where we may revive some discouraged society, or give life to some isolated disciples, who have been cherishing their faith without sympathy or support from others?.

There are points which it becom es us to consider.

As we copied from the "Christian Freeman" the article alluded to in the following communication, we very willingly, at the request of the writer, publish the correction. We must say that to our minds it is quite as offensive, as the statements which it is intended to correct. This mingling of other names with that of Jesus, a practice begun, so far as we know, by Mr. Emerson, borrowed from him by Mr. Parker, and now adopted by Mr. Parker's imitators and disciples, is, on the score of taste, to say nothing of any higher considerations, exceedingly offensive. In Mr. Emerson it was startling from its boldness; but in those who have borrowed it whether at first or second hand from him, it has no charm of novelty, but is as stale as the old common-places of infidelity, which may be found in Thomas Payne. It is very seldom that we introduce such things in our paper even to refute them. There are some things even in the religious world (so called) which, as honest chroniclers of public events, we must be excused from repeating. It is like repeating an oath to a child, that we may warn him, against it. By such a process his mind is more polluted through the ear than it can be purified through the reason.

The sentiment of reverence, as it is the most powerful, so also is it the most delicate principle of our nature. There is no finer net-work of associations, than that which through all our purest, most delicate and sacred feelings connects us with the Son of God, and through him with our Father in heaven. We are bound to him by all the ties that are most lovely and endearing, by the most ingenuous and tender impulses of the soul, by that sentiment of gratitude, affection and reverence, which cannot without a keen sensation of pain hear him lightly spoken of, at whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess him Lord to the glory of God, the Father. Philosophical statements differing from our own, and arguments in support of them, we are glad to meet. We fear nothing from them. We can trust them with the intelligence of our readers. But this *flippant* (our brother must excuse us if the word seems harsh)—this flippant mode of mentioning the name of our Savior, has nothing to do with our reason, but simply wounds our religious sensibilities; and so far as it gains currency, so far does it go to undermine the sentiment of reverence, that most beautiful feature of all truly great, as well as lowly minds.

The views, which Strauss and his followers here, maintain, they certainly have a right to, and we would be among the last to question that right. Whether they can maintain those views and still properly be called Christian, it is not for us to say. This is a matter which we have no authority to decide. We may have an opinion on the subject, but it is not our business, nor have we a wish to act in the case. The first question with us is, Is Christianity, as portrayed in the Gospels and Epistles, true? Does it, as recorded there, rest on such evidence that our reason is satisfied, and we are bound to receive it? If so, if we do receive those writings, as the veritable records of a revelation from heaven, the next question is, are the views of Strauss and his followers here, by which all miracles are rejected, consistent with Christianity, according to the only authentic records that we have of it? These questions of principles and evidence we shall be glad to discuss. The first includes the questions that we proposed two weeks ago;—the second is a question by itself, and one which no person, we presume, who answers the first affirmatively, could think of deciding in the same way. If then, these views are inconsistent with Christianity, according to the only authentic records of Christianity that we have, what reasons can we have for saying, that they are not inconsistent with Christianity itself?

But these men, we are told, hold to the Christian morality. Very well. So be it. Their morality, then, may be consistent with Christianity; though it might not be very difficult to show that even their morality, in being cut off from the sanctions of a miraculous revelation, must in the end lose most of its vitality. But this is all apart from the main question. These men, in common with Hume and Rousseau may retain the morality of Christianity. Still are the principles, which had them to deny the fact of the Christian miracles, consistent with Christianity according to the only authentic record that we have of it? And if not consistent with Christianity according to the only authentic record that we have of it, how are they consistent with it at all?

We insist on keeping these questions separate. A man may live according to the precepts of Christ, receiving them as his bread of life, and so far be a Christian. He may at the same time deny the great central facts of Christianity, and so far he is not a Christian. The two parts are entirely separate, and so they must be kept in every philosophical description. With a man's life, we in our discussions have nothing to do. That is between himself and his Maker alone. For his published opinions he is responsible to God indeed, but at the same time he is also responsible to the community, and we not only have a right, but it may be our duty to discuss them and show their hollowness.

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TO THE READERS OF THE "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN."

In this publication, of June 26th, some remarks which I offered in an Address to the Universalist society in Beverly, Mass., at the Installation of Rev. J. L. Stevens, were very much misrepresented. As I wish only that the *truth* of the matter may be known, I hereby briefly inform you, without apology or defence, just what I *did* say that was considered obnoxious, on the occasion referred to.

In speaking of the importance of the ministerial station, its efficiency to bless mankind, when worthily occupied, I observed that it had been filled and honored by Jesus, John and Paul; by Fenelon, Oberlin, Lavater, Jeremy Taylor, Priestly, Murray, Channing, Tuckerman and Follen, who may now rest from their labors; and then, in alluding to its distinguished occupants now living I made honorable mention of the Ballous and Pierpont, adding to the list the name of Parker. From this Mr. Cobb takes the liberty to say that I classed Jesus Christ "with Theodore Parker, and various other respectable men, as standing on the same ground, in point of authority, as religious teachers." What a gross perversion of my language! He might have said with as much of truth and propriety, that I represented Fenelon, Murray and Parker as *believing* precisely alike, because I classed them together *as ministers*. I was speaking of the *ministerial office;* and I alluded to Jesus *as one who had filled that office*,—and proceeded to enumerate also, as incumbents of the station, some of those who, though differing widely in the theological opinion, have left names that will shine as the stars forever and ever in the firmament of history. In respect to the office or station of a religious and moral teacher, and in respect to *that alone*, did I class Jesus with Theodore Parker and the others whose names I repeated. I said nothing about the specific grade of mental or moral being which Christ occupied, nor of the nature or degree of his "authority." *Those* were points untouched and unalluded to by me. And had it not been for the fact that Br. Cobb's sectarian feelings were aroused, and his combativeness excited by the word "Parker," (so peculiarly odious to *him*) he must have seen the matter just as I have now stated it.

In a subsequent part of my address, I affectionately exhorted the society at Beverly to accord the name "Christian" to every good man who should claim it, who believed in Christ in any acceptable sense; even though he disbelieved the miraculous narratives of the New Testament, or felt undecided in regard to some or all of them. I then proceeded to express my honest dissent from the reasoning of those who say that *such* an one cannot properly be termed a Christian. In the course of my remarks on this branch of the subject, I remarked that "the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch," (Acts, xi: 26) *before the New Testament was written*—before there was any such book in existence for them to believe in! I observed that no one could tell, now, how much of the miracles they *received*, nor how much they *rejected*; and added that if they, at that period, (when theoretical Christianity was not probably written out, in any document, as a consolidated system, but when theological matters were, if possible, in a more unsettled state than they are *now*) could with propriety, either reproachfully or in honor, be reckoned as bona fide "Christians,"—i. e., disciples of Christ—then certainly a man should properly be so esteemed *now*, if he believes Christ existed and was a pure man, and if he accepts his moral and religious teachings; especially if he is earnestly seeking to be Christ-like in his speech and actions! After stating the well known fact that several of our brethren disbelieve the story of Christ's miraculous conception, recorded in Matt. i: and Luke i:, which our Trinitarian friends deem essential to Christianity,—and having suggested some difficulties attending a literal construction of some other parts of the Gospel, which I thought should make us charitable and tolerant towards one another if we could not all believe alike in regard to them,—I proceeded to offer some general remarks to the society; and soon after, I concluded.

I did not say whether I believed or *dis*believed the miracles—on that point I said nothing. I have now told you, in brief, what it was that called forth Doctor Ballou's protest.

This summary statement is written merely to prevent misapprehension in the minds of those who do not know me personally. Where I am *known*, vindication will, I think, be superfluous.

In two hymns, which were sung at Beverly, I expressed my strong faith in God, and in sentient human immortality. These hymns Br. Cobb omitted to publish, and neglected to say any thing about.

J. Prince.

UNITARIANS AND CHRISTIANS.

Under this title we last week published a communication, which though it may have been called for, was not altogether such an article as we should have preferred. The following editorial from the Gospel Herald, a Christian paper, is more to our taste. Such interchanges of kind feeling, especially a friendly intercourse between the members of the two bodies, will bring us together, just in proportion to the amount of Christian principle and life that is in us. There are no ministers whom we honor more than some who belong to the Christian Connexion, and if we meet them in the warmth and sincerity of a Christian faith, and they find that we are engaged, heart and soul, in the great work of turning the world to righteousness, any prejudices that may linger among them, will melt away like snow in summer. If there is any one thing, for which we devoutly yearn and pray, it is, not for a formal union, but a closer fellowship among those, who worship the same God, obey and love the same Master, walk in the same Christian light and rejoice in the same Christian hopes. This fellowship—shall it never come on earth? Or is it a fond hope, to be realized only in heaven?

We copy the whole article, though only a part of it is strictly applicable to our subject.

"While in the city of New York, we visited the grave of our dear Amanda, a lovely child, whom the Lord in his providence called from us in 1836.

She lies in a pleasant grave-yard in New-Jersey, about thirteen miles from the city. When we entered the enclosure with our little boy, all was solemn. The head stone soon presented to view the name of one that was once so near our heart, and still lingers in our memory, never to be erased.

The grass and a few straggling flowers, were growing over her resting place—the summer breeze gently moving the branches of the shade trees near by—and the nimble grasshopper breaking the silence of the scene,—we stood, gazed, and rejoiced in God, that we had a child resting in hope for a glorious resurrection from the place of tombs.

Our little boy planted a flower at the head of the grave, as a pledge of affection for a sister whom he never saw, gathered a spear of grass, and got some pieces of marble from the head and foot stones, and said, "I will take these home to my mother, and tell her that I got them at little Amanda's grave." We attempted to leave, but we lingered and looked back upon the abode of death, and thought it would be pleasant to rest by her side, free from all the deceit and troubles of this world. But we reluctantly bid adieu, and said, sleep on precious child, till the trump of God shall call thy mouldering dust in the image of thy Great Master, when we hope to meet thee in the regions of rest in the plains above.

We soon found ourself again in the busy city, and in the midst of the thousands occasionally could recognize some one we knew in the thoughtless busy crowd.

Now, in our sanctum, the past scenes rush into our minds—the many churches we visited, the coldness abounding every where, and the disposition to run after, and embrace the new and strange infatuations of this age of *humbuggery*—men willing to destroy themselves, ruin and divide churches, rather than pursue a self-sacrificing course, and hold fast the form of sound words. These things have a tendency to discourage our heart, and paralyze our efforts. But, again, when we reflect that the Lord is not man, and that his truth will stand forever, and the hope of the righteous shall never perish, we feel like applying ourself to the work with renewed energy, the few days we may be permitted to remain on the earth. O that we may possess more holiness of heart, and imitate our *Divine Master* more for the time to come.

In New Hampshire, we attended the annual conference of our brethren in Newtown, on the 3d and 4th days of June. We were cordially received by those whom we had seen before, and formed a pleasant acquaintance with a number of others. The churches in the bounds of this conference have been rent and torn asunder, and some entirely ruined by Millerism and come-outism, which have traveled through that country like haunted ghosts breathing from their shriveled lips the damning pestilence of distraction and death, to blight the workmanship of God in his visible church. May God sweep the refuge of lies from the world, and save the churches in future from those aids of the devil, that we may yet see the cause flourishing in our midst.

Our visit to Boston was every thing that was agreeable. We were cordially received by our Unitarian brethren, who extended the hand of welcome to their fellowship and hospitalities, and manifested a great desire to co-operate with us as a people, in the great questions of general interest for the benefit of mankind.

We have no doubt but an acquaintance with each other will greatly benefit both denominations.

Several of their ministers spoke of the Christian denomination with respect, and assured their friends that we were doing much good in the world.

As a denomination the Unitarians have seen, and now deplore their defects as a people, and feel a great desire to get right. They acknowledge that we have a better name than they. Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, Mass., declared publicly he would be called by no name but that of *Christian*. We as a people have also seen, and now lament our faults; and we have no doubt but an acquaintance with the Unitarians, will do us much good on many subjects, such as education, literary pursuits, and liberality, in the distribution of wealth, which are almost strangers among us in many places.

Some of our Christian brethren make objections to our co-operation with the Unitarians, for fear we shall lose our visibility, and all go over to them. But of this we have no fears. If any changes of this kind take place, we fully believe there is a greater probability that the Unitarians will become Christians, than that the Christians will become Unitarians. And we appeal to them for the truth of what we say.

We hope in God that the Christians will take a noble stand in the world, and no longer be pointed at as a covetous and penurious people.

We remember with much affection the kindness of the Rev. Messrs. Gray, Clark, Barrett, Bond, and others, in their donations of books and pamphlets, for the purpose of giving information to the Christians of the West, concerning them as a people.

We hope the Conferences in this and other States, will adopt such measures at their annual sessions, as will be calculated to carry out the object of the Meadville School, and encourage our young men to go there and get a good theological education.

[We suppose that the following article will be acceptable to a portion of our readers, though, in some parts, the strength of its language is better adapted to thirty years ago than to the N. E. theology of the present day.]

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For the Register.

Watertown, 10th of August, 1846.

Mr. Editor,—Perhaps one of the greatest errors existing among those who bear the Christian name is in the views which are held respecting the character of God. Many, if not a majority of Christians, embrace the mistake, and cling to it with a tenacity which neither reason nor the truths of revelation can overcome. Instead of a being of mercy and love, the Deity is represented as of a vindictive and revengeful disposition, and, though called upon by the name of Father, yet possessing traits of character, which did we see them in any earthly parent, would call forth nothing but our feelings of detestation and disgust. According to the theology of such, at his command, millions of souls spring into existence, totally depraved, by nature rebelling against the Author of their being.—From among these some are elected by him to eternal happiness, others to everlasting wo, and as if to make the fate of the doomed more terrible, to mock them in their misery, every good action (which were it performed by the *Elect* would tend to their exaltation,) every devout aspiration, every earnest striving after the better life is counted a *sin*. The prayer for pardon and mercy, is blasphemy in the sight of God, and but contributes to their damnation. On the other hand it is held that the Lord pours out his spirit *freely* upon his elect, granting them grace sufficient unto salvation, that he regenerates their hearts within them and without any act on their own part, gives them an inheritance of everlasting life. In the popular doctrine of the Atonement, the Almighty is represented as being so *angry* with the human race, that he cannot become reconciled to it except through a Mediator, which is his own spirit made flesh, from which it would seem that before he could become merciful, he must assume the form of man,—the infinite, unchangeable and omnipotent must put on the attributes of a finite and erring being, ere he can exercise a spirit of forgiveness towards the race. But the erroneous views of the character of God do not stop here. The doctrine of the Trinity, here is something beside an absurdity, in the person of our Savior the Creator is represented as saying, "of myself I can do nothing, "No man knoweth the day or the hour, not even the son;" "why callest thou me good, there is none good save the Father," and it may be urged that he thus spoke in his capacity as a man, that it was his human nature that was thus weak and not his divine; but can we for an instant suppose the Almighty placed under circumstances, in which he cannot exercise his omniscience? And if not, is he not laid open to the charge of prevarication may not his veracity be doubted, and is he not liable to be charged with a wish to deceive mankind? If such a doctrine be true, must not the temptation, the agony upon the cross, the last dying prayer, and in fact the whole life of Christ be a farce? If it was God in his *human nature* that thus suffered and died, we may ask where is that nature now? is it still united with the divine in the world of spirits, or is the Trinity dissolved and Christ interceding for man at his Father's throne in his *human* nature? And now do we not by upholding such doctrines, entirely misapprehend the character of God? Must we not shudder at the thought, that the Governor of the universe, who holds the destinies of the whole human family in his power, is a being possessing such qualities as he would be chargeable with, were they true? The *mischief* consequent upon the promulgation of such errors is by no means inconsiderable; the child is taught to believe that the Almighty has put the whole character of the human race into the hands of our first parents, who by one sin have entailed upon their children throughout all ages God's eternal displeasure, that they are born with corrupt natures, that there is no goodness in them whatever, that the sins which they commit in the few short years which are allotted them here merit an eternity of misery, and that unless they are renewed by Divine Grace, they shall live forever under the torments of God's wrath; and although they are told that they should regard their Creator, as a kind Father, yet they are compelled to believe him to be a stern tyrant and unjust Lord. The teachings of their parents, at home, the catechisms which they study at Sabbath School, the books which they read, and the preaching they hear, all tend to confirm them in this belief. As they grow older they begin to regard *themselves* as the injured ones, and look upon the being who would entail upon them sins, which they have not the power of casting off, with horror. The prayers of their childhood are still repeated; for they dread the displeasure of such a being; but soon they learn to doubt the efficacy of these, for they hear that unless they are visited by Divine Grace their prayers will be of no avail, but are a sin in the sight of God. Hence whatever aspirations they may have after holiness, they are checked in the bud, and though they dare not express it even to their own souls, an actual hate springs up towards the Father of their spirits; and yet dreading his eternal wrath, they profess his religion and delude themselves into the belief that they have been born into the new life, that their salvation has been secured.

By believing that before the Creator can save his sinful children, he must unite with himself the nature of frail and impotent man we take from him his perfection, we deprive him of his omnipotence and we make the God and Father of the universe insufficient to the wants of his creation. By believing that he would doom a portion of his creatures, without any offence on their pari, to eternal destruction, that he is capable of mocking them in their misery, and laughing at their calamity, we cast an indelible stain upon his spotless purity, we take from him his boundless love, we deprive him of his infinite majesty, and we clothe him with a character whose chief traits are revenge and hate. By believing in the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ we still farther debase the character of God, we make him a being of such strict justice and of so little mercy that before he can forgive the sins of mankind, his wrath must be satiated with blood, and an innocent being must suffer and die to appease his anger. We deprive him of his mercy, for there can be no *mercy*, where full satisfaction is demanded.

But is it so? Is the character of God such as the doctrines of Calvinism imply it to be? Must we approach him as a stern tyrant, or may we regard him as a Father of infinite love? Blessed be God for our own precious faith, the God of the *Liberal Christian* is one of universal love. We rejoice to believe him to be a Father who cares for his children more than any earthly parent can care for them, whose salvation is a free gift, who has elected *all* to Eternal Life, with the one condition, that they receive the gift of his grace, who stands with open arms, ready to receive the returning penitent, and even sends out the son of his love to meet the wanderer and show him the way back to the home of plenty he has deserted. We believe that he looks with pity upon those who by their continued transgressions estrange themselves still farther from himself. We believe also in his omnipotence, before which every creature together with the angels and the son must bow down. We confess in him a perfection to which no being has yet attained. We believe him to be the great, immutable being, the same ages before the words, "Let there be light," broke in upon the silent darkness, and who will remain unchanged when the last twinkling star shall die out in the firmament. His love is made manifest to us every day that we live; his sun shines and his rain falls both upon the field of the just and unjust; his seasons return alike to all. The ungrateful man who never breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to the Giver of good gifts and the man of a grateful heart, work side by side and gather in the harvest, and their barns bend beneath the weight. Ever since he stood in the garden and rebuked our guilty parents, has the Creator been striving by the cords of love to draw us to himself, and heaping upon us mercies that we ill deserve. We behold in Christ the perfect image of the Father, the medium through which he transmits his grace to man; we believe him to be a being who has consecrated himself to the will of his Father, whose love for his brethren was so great that for their sakes he drank the cup of bitterness; whose purity of heart was such, that every thing like deceit vanished before it; whose prayers were the sincere desires of his soul for a guilty world, whose merits were such, that, although a human being, yet he overcame temptation and performed the great work which was given him to do, and did not shrink from an ignominious death upon the cross, that we might be saved.

With such views of the character of God, we cannot believe that on account of the sin of Adam he would spread a deep pollution over his posterity forever, bringing them into the world entirely depraved, incapable of doing anything for their own salvation. Against such a doctrine the sense of right and wrong which God himself has implanted within our hearts rises up and condemns it. Did we countenance it we should feel that we charged the Deity with injustice, that we were battling against his goodness. Take this from him and you turn our brightest hopes into black despair, you make the last hour of the Christian one of torment and dread, you extinguish the sun of the moral world and clothe the universe in darkness, you destroy our faith and torment us with racking doubts and skepticism, you turn our love for our Heavenly Father into hate and drive us to seek relief in infidelity.

Thanks be to God, that we have faith to oppose such doctrines, that revelation, our own consciences and all nature declares them to be false, a libel upon his holy name. We see in his works that God is love. We behold children, living together in the bond of unity, striving to excel one another in obedience to their parents. We see the long and tedious hours of old age made to pass pleasantly by the care of an affectionate offspring, we witness the love of woman clinging to the object of her affection, through evil and through good report, and, if he be tainted by sin, we see her with love undiminished, like a guardian angel, seeking to reform and win him back to virtue. We see the daughter of prosperity leaving the scenes of gayety and happiness, wending her way to the abode of poverty and wretchedness, administering to the wants of the needy. We see the pangs of the afflicted softened by the sympathies of friends. We look around and on every side we behold philanthropists at the risk of reputation and friends, defending the cause of the oppressed; we see martyrs in the cause of freedom and justice; we meet with men of untiring zeal in their labors for humanity, and we have not to go within the pale of the church to find these things. They are found in every day life, among those who have never professed the religion of Christ, but who act from the innate principles of goodness within them. Such things prove to us that man is indeed made in the image of his God, that he bears the mark of divinity upon his brow and that there is no standard of excellence too high for his aspiration, that he holds his destiny, whether for good or evil, in his own hands, and that it is for himself to decide whether he will choose Eternal Life, or death for his soul. But above all, these things prove to us that the Creator is not a being of partiality, but that he has the good of *all* his creatures at heart, and that he can take no pleasure in the death of a soul, in fine that God is Love.

Yours, L. . .

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Discourses of the Rev. Edward H. Edes, with a sketch of his Life. Boston: B. H. Greene, 1846.

The life of Mr. Edes was without striking incidents—a life spent in the quiet, unobtrusive, but faithful discharge of his duties as a Christian Minister: a life of uncommon evenness, except when affliction and ill health threw upon it their dark and depressing shadows. Of course a memoir of him could contain but little besides a delineation of his character: and such is the 'Sketch' prefixed to this volume. The writer, we think, has succeeded in conveying a just idea of his friend. Had the memoir been more condensed and contained fewer repetitions it would have gained in interest: but as it was the design apparently of the author to compile it from independent testimony to the worth of its subject, drawn from letters received from various sources, perhaps, what seems to us too great prolixity was unavoidable. To those who knew Mr Edes, this Sketch will be satisfactory as a truthful portrait. It represents him as he was—a man possessing a well-balanced mind, of a firm and yet patient temper, of a sincere but unostentatious piety—a man of decided Christian faith, producing with great uniformity, harmony and consistency the fruits of a good life.—We find in the memoir a testimonial to the intellectual and moral worth of Mr Edes, contained in a letter from a brother clergyman, a native of Kennebunk, (the last place where Mr Edes was settled) which strikes us as true and discriminating; and therefore we copy it, as presenting an example of Christian excellence, for imitation.

"I first knew brother Edes when preaching as a candidate at Kennebunk. I received a favorable impression of him at once,—and it seemed to be general. That is, he was not one of those whom you are undecided about, and form an opinion of slowly, but one who strikes you at once favorably. I was possessed with a good opinion both of his mind and of his heart at first, which a better acquaintance did not change, but confirmed and strengthened. And, if I mistake not, such was generally the case. Some, I know, were so impressed, and spoke of it at the time, and none, that I remember, formed any decidedly unfavorable opinion, though some were not so distinctly and deeply impressed as others. It may be difficult, perhaps, to say exactly what this impression arose from. You are aware, that, from some natural deficiency of the vocal organs, he lacked that strength of voice, and grace of utterance, which make an acceptable preacher to many. But beneath that, there shone out the better qualifications of a well furnished mind and heart. There were distinguishable intellectual gifts, of no ordinary character, with a sound judgment and a rare practical good sense, that seemed eminently fitted to engage the attention, reach and improve the understanding.—And the more solid qualities of the heart appeared not less conspicuous. There was no lack of real fervor of soul; there were genuine sincerity and plain-hearted earnestness, and a spirit of piety that showed a truly sympathizing and affectionate disposition, which seemed to touch the feelings and the heart. I do not mean in the sense of kindling and exciting the passion, which he never sought or desired to do. Soon after he came to Kennebunk, and before he was settled there, he was called to attend the funeral services of a young man, then about my own age, who had wasted away and fallen just on the verge of manhood, under circumstances of peculiar bereavement, being an only son, and beloved by all his youthful associates. I well remember how deeply interesting and feelingly impressive was the service which brother Edes then performed to my own heart, and the hearts of most if not all, who were present. His prayer breathed a spirit so solemn, so heavenly, that it seemed to touch all hearts, awakening many feelings that would not soon, if ever, be forgotten. It seemed, and it was, the natural, unconstrained outflow of a heart rich with the best sympathies and the kindliest affections of our nature. I mention this not as a single instance of remarkable effect, but as giving some of the earliest and best impressions, as an instance which by no means stands alone, and which reveals, I think, a prominent feature in his character. He possessed the power of truly sympathizing with others. Goodwill, real kindness of heart, dwelt in him largely. You would never find him wanting in the best feelings, in disinterested feelings, on any occasion. Something convinced you, always, that his heart was warm, ready to turn the current of its kindest impulses in your behalf and in behalf of any thing good. Indifference, coldness, apathy of feeling or action, in any respect, I do not remember to have witnessed or heard expressed of him. Hence his spiritural sympathies were of no ordinary character or effect. As I knew him better, it was only to have a higher and higher opinion of him, and to be constantly more strongly won by the quiet, yet irresistible, attraction of his kindly and affectionate nature. This I know was not widely enough not sufficiently appreciated, but it was through lack of opportunity or proper ability in others to discern and appreciate it.

"Another fact I used often to be struck with,

in regard to brother Edes, a quick perception and firm conviction respecting what was right and duty. The knowledge he possessed was of that clear, unmixed character, which seemed to reveal to him at once, as by intuition almost, the particular point or truth needed in any special case. He seemed to have the fewest doubts, in any matter of opinion or duty, of any one I was ever conversant with. His inquiries were none of your narrow sort, that question the fewest possible subjects. He was a wide thinker. But his conclusions, and the reasons for them, were well settled, and perfectly clear and distinct, on almost every point. He was not uncertain, not doubtful, not beclouded in his perceptions. I know of none who had a more settled and rational faith, as the basis of his life and actions, which never seemed for a moment unfixed or wavering. The same feature of mind was manifested in regard to duty, in any case of emergency, perplexity, or excitement. He seemed never at a stand, or at a loss, but to have his mind ready made up and prepared beforehand. There was little hesitating or delay; what was to him the right course seemed to open to him at once. His judgment was quick, and he never swerved from his convictions or was fearful of the result. He struck me as peculiarly free from any thing like indecision, and without any thing like an approach to rashness, in cases where one or the other would seem hardly to be avoided. In extreme and really perplexing cases, he seemed to me unusually settled and deeply convinced of his duty, not without anxiety, but never apprehensive of the result, and the result never failed to show the truth and soundness of his judgment.

Closely connected with this, he always evinced a great equanimity of character,—never highly excited, but never lacking real warmth and earnestness. Great strength and evenness of feeling always seemed to me conspicuous in his character, and it shone out in his last hours with a holy, tranquilizing power, and a hallowed lustre.

As a pastor I will add but a word or two.—He was far-reaching and sincerely devoted in his endeavors to the production of permanent and useful results. He never had temporary aims for immediate and showy effects. He constantly sought to work a deep, pervading, and abiding work. He wrought not with haste or violence, but of no man could it be more truly said, that he was indefatigable in his efforts, unceasing in his perseverence, and that, too, amid many discouraging and sometimes disheartening circumstances. But he never relaxed his interest or efforts, effectual or not, to produce a real and lasting good. His affections and interest were peculiarly drawn out towards the young. His cares were unceasing, and the best sympathies of the heat ever awake, to promote their happiness and welfare. And I am happy to know that not a few realize it, and now bless him in their hearts, as a true pastor and friend. Toward the close of his ministry, when many seeds seemed ripening under his care, ready to burst forth promise, he increased his labors beyond his strength. But he often assured me he felt no fatigue, and would not listen to the fears of his affectionate wife that he was doing too much."

There are two paragraphs, given in a letter from a lady, one of MrE's parishoners at Kennebunk, which we cannot help adding to the above.

"His home character was beautiful. Those who knew him there could not but love him, so full was he of kindness, gentleness, and love.—He was self-sacrificing, seeking not to please himself, but ever promoting the happiness of others. In his social intercourse he was affable, warm-hearted, affectionate. In him that much neglected Christian virtue, *courtesy*, was fully developed. It was not with him a mere outside show, a formal, worldly politeness put on to suit times and occasions, it was his every day attire. It sprung from real kindness of heart, from a sincere desire to please, from heartfelt obedience to the apostolic injunction, Be *courteous*.

"I have spoken of what seemed to me the spirit of his life. It was beautifully and consistently carried out in his sickness and death. The power of his last days was for submission,—to use his *own words*, 'for that submission which did not even *think a murmur or breathe a sigh*.' And it was granted. Those who stood by his bed have declared that they should always feel grateful for the privilege. It seemed to them (and it no doubt was the case), that the calmness and serenity of the spirit actually overcame physical suffering and distress. Christian faith was triumphant."

We are told that the late Chief Justice Mellen used to say of Mr Edes, that "he was a fine sermonizer." This commendation was well deserved. His discourses were clear in thought, perspicuous in arrangement and chaste in style — they were always finished performances: seldom or never, betraying marks of haste—free from crude and ill-considered statements—sound in doctrine—forcible in their logic—and earnest and direct in their appeals to the heart. We have not read those contained in this volume, with sufficient attention, to say whether the selection gives a fair average of his preaching: but having frequently heard him ourselves, we know that few preachers were more satisfactory to serious and judicious hearers Great good sense was the prominent characteristic in his sermons. His own thoughts were clear and well defined; and he presented them with distinctness, with a fervent spirit and clothed in asimple but graceful style. The feebleness of his health and his voice which was not strong and admitted of but little variety in its modulations, made his manner rather monotonous: but there was an earnestness and solemnity in all his pulpit exercises, which arrested the attention of the serious and gave evidence of his own deep sincerity.

Retiring and somewhat reserved in his disposition, Mr Edes did not come prominently before the public and was not widely known. But those who did know him, esteemed him highly. As a minister he was governed by a strong sense of duty—mingling prudence with firmness, and steadfastly pursuing the path he believed to be right. As a friend no man could be more constant and faithful.—As a believer in Jesus—he was a rational, submissive, obedient Christian. The world could better spare many men of more extensive celebrity and more showy qualities than our departed brother. He was one, in whose loss, all who loved him, may have this consolation—that his image will abide in their memories, fair and bright, singularly free from imperfections, and without any blemish they would wish to forget. — — F.

Discourses and Reviews upon Questions in Controversial Theology and Practical Religion. By Orville Dewey, D. D.

There is no living writer to whom we feel ourselves under greater obligations than to Dr. Dewey. Happening to come under his influence the most critical period of life, we have been watched and moved by him as by no other preacher now living to whom it has been our privilege to listen. The first volume of sermons that he published was a new and real accession to the religious literature of the world, and must hold in it a permanent and important place. They appeal, as few other sermons do, to our religious sensibilities, and touch the deepest chords of religious emotion, while, at the same time, they carry us on, though we hardly perceive it, in a stream of vigorous and profound thought. The second volume, which was intended for business men, is bold and searching, and admirably fitted to its end, but, perhaps for that very reason, we find it less interesting. The volume before us, may be regarded as uniting, to a great degree, the merits of the two species of writing. The necessity of arguing out particular subjects and of meeting particular objections, has given to the language point and condensation, while the momentous nature of the subjects discussed and the interests involved in them, has given birth to passages, which move and sway our whole inward being. And is not this one of the highest qualities,—when united, as in this case, with clearness of definition and strength of reasoning, is it not the highest quality, in controversial writings, that instead of leaving us vexed and out of temper with the opposite opinions, theyshould fill us with more solemn convictions of the duties which our own views impose upon us? As a fine instance of what we mean we would refer to the sermon, now published for the first time, on "Justification by Faith."

We need not commend the volume, and yet as we have been reading it, we could not help wishing, that its spirit, at least, of reverence and charity, might find a place in every heart; that those, who are not convinced by its reasoning, might yet be profited by its teachings, and go from its pages better and, therefore, wiser men.

Incentives to the Cultivation of the Science of Geology, designed for the use of the young. By S. S. Randall, New York.

This little volume is a compilation from the works of the most eminent writers on the subject of Geology, and mostly in their own words. It gives us the results at which they have arrived, and, where there is a difference of opinion among them, both sides seem to be carefully and candidly stated. The writer makes no pretensions to originality in the work, nor does he profess to furnish a treatise which shall give to the learner a complete knowledge of the science. His object is to interest the young in the subject, and to instruct those who, from whatever cause, are unable or unwilling to read a more elaborate work. To accomplish this he has avoided unimportant details, and, ar far as is possible, technical terms, giving in popular language many of the grand results of the science. The book opens with a short sketch of the history of Geology, to which succeed the general principles of the science. This, we presume, will prove to be the most interesting part of it. Then follows the division of the crust of the earth into the different formations and the relative ages of these. A short sketch of the Geological structure of the Atlantic coast of the United States, of the Appalachian chain of mountains, and of the Ohio coal fields is next given, in which the author quotes largely from Mr. Lyell's "Travels in North America." A more particular account of the State of New York, to which he belongs and for which he seems more especially to have written, completes all that is important in the volume.

It is not fitted for schools because such a book would require clearer definitions and a more scientific arrangement of parts. Even for a popular work, a glossary of the terms employed, would be a great improvement. It is impossible to treat any subject of science in an intelligible manner, without resorting to the technical language of that science. Many terms, in spite of the writer's care, will be found in the book before us, which would greatly puzzle a person unacquainted with the subject. A table of contents would also be a desirable addition. With these exceptions, the book is a good one of its kind, and we think it will be found useful to all who wish to gain a general idea of Geology without entering into its details. N. H. M.

War songs and Ballads from the Old Testament, by William Plumer, Jr.

Mr Plumer is already known as the author of two volumes of poetry, which have been favorably noticed, and rightly so, in some of our leading periodicals. He is a graduate of Harvard College, was educated for the bar, where he took his place in the most stormy period of political warfare, his father being the ablest man of the party to which he belonged in New Hampshire. Afterwards he served his time honorably as a member of Congress, and then gradually withdrawing from politics and the practice of the law, has became more and more exclusive engaged in those still pursuits, which, when united with a religious faith and the practice of virtue, furnish the surest resources for an honorable and happy old age. It is the life which poets, above all others, have most celebrated, and to which cultivated men of all occupations have looked forward with the warmest desire.

The volume before us is one of the fruits of this literary leisure, and does credit both to the diligence and taste of its author. We have read it through with pleasure, and in some instances have been reminded by it, of the spirited Roman ballads of Macauley. The object is to preserve the spirit of certain scenes and songs in the Old Testament, and give it to us in our own language. He does not undertake to Christianize the morality, but gives us under a new form the old inspiration of Hebrew life. And in this, we think he has succeeded remarkably well. We might select some lines, which seem to us wanting in vigor, some amplifications of sentiment, which seem to us to weaken the effect of the terse old English of our Bible. A few proper names we have found it hard to pronounce so as not to destroy the rhythm. But even if we are right, and we may be mistaken, these are only smaller blemishes, and in spite of them, we have been borne along by the tide of song, as we not often are by any modern poetry of the kind.

We dislike, as much as any one, the war-spirit; but have little sympathy with those exceedingly dyspeptic moralists who cannot so much as digest an old song without symptoms of acidity, and putting their whole system out of tune. We welcome this volume as helping to make us familiar with the old Jewish ideas and feelings, and thus enlarging the range of our thoughts.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

MRS. HANNAH TUCKER.

Died in Heath, July 14, at the age of 81, Mrs. Hannah, the wife of the venerable Ebenezer Tucker, Esq., a graduate from Harvard College in 1783, and for about ten years the minister of Gerry, now Phillipstown. Two considerations beside those of long life and personal worth seem to entitle Mrs. T. to an obituary notice, on her departure from this world of trial. First, the retirement in which she passed the last thirty years of her life rendered it difficult for her to keep up an intercourse with the friends and acquaintances of her early years. The controlling Providence of God seemed to have selected for her abode a fertile region indeed, but one remote from the place of her nativity, and not easy of access. Consequently great exertions, or great merit alone could be sufficient to keep her long in remembrance in this busy, changeful world. The other consideration, referred to above, was the entire loss of memory and the consequent failure of all her mental powers, which eclipsed several of the last years of her life. Those, who have seen and known her only in this state of mental decay, know little of what she once was; and her former acquaintances and friends will of course wish to forget her recent state, and look back through the dark cloud to that sunshine, in which they once saw her live and move, shedding light and pleasure on all around her.

Mrs. Tucker was prepossessing in her outward person, affectionate in her temper and disposition, winning in manners, and at once sprightly, and sufficiently dignified in conversation. She had a keen relish for social enjoyment, and I think it will not be too much to say that, in the circle of her friends, she imparted as much satisfaction as she received.

As might be supposed from what has already been stated, she early made a profession of religion, and, as we believe, adorned that profession, by many Christian graces, and especially by a cheerful resignation to the dictates of Providence, when most opposed to her early hopes and natural desires.

Under the mental decays of which I have spoken, her continued life could give little satisfaction to husband, children, and other near friends, excepting that it afforded them opportunities for paying unwearied attention to her ease and safety. Still, the sacred ties, by which they were united in life, could not be dissolved without affecting the heart of sensibility, even while they had reason to believe the change was to her an unspeakable gain. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; for they rest from their labor, and their works do follow them."

S. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

☞ Next to the industry and uprightness of the gentleman eulogised in the following notice, is to be ranked the fact, that *he knew when he had enough*. If there were thousands like him in this respect in all our communities, they as individuals would be far happier, and all the blessings of wealth far more equally distributed. One of the most active causes of pauperism and its attendant evils, is the passion to amass large fortunes. Let us have no "millionaires," and we shall have fewer paupers. Great riches and great wretchedness are always found side by side. *There cannot be palaces without hovels.*

Preserved Fish, Esq. The New York Sun has the following interesting account of the life of this distinguished citizen of New York:—

Death has, in this instance, robbed New York of one of her greatest benefactors, a man who raised himself from a poor sailor boy to the head of the large mercantile house of Fish, Grinnell & Co., (now Grinnell, Minturn & Co.,) the founders of our splendid lines of fast-sailing packet ships. He was a citizen of exemplary deportment, and a firm friend to the poor. His romantic name is said to have originated in his being found near Sandy Hook, floating in a basket, when an infant. The captain of a New York and Liverpool ship picked up the bright little infant boy, named him Preserved Fish, and adopted and educated him. His parents were supposed to have been lost by shipwreck. He was an obedient and faithful son to his new father, and on arriving at the age of 21, he was made first officer of a fine ship, and soon after became captain and a joint proprietor. He next founded the house of Fish, Grinnell & Co.: was subsequently elected alderman, then president of the Tradesmen's Bank, and various other honors conferred upon him by his fellow citizens. He leaves only one heir, an adopted son. Unlike most of our successful business men, he was satisfied with a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, with which he retired a number of years ago, leaving to his junior partners and clerks the management of the business which he and the late Mr. Grinnell of New Bedford, had established. The increase of the value of his investments has increased the value of his estate, which is now estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

School Awards. In addition to the Franklin and City Medals awarded by the School Committee, by virtue of their office, Committee Medals were awarded in several of the schools, for extraordinary merit. At the Johnson School, Committee Medals were awarded to Misses Jane Pearson, and Charlotte Steele. The Hon. Abbott Lawrence placed in the hands of the Committee an elegant bound volume, which was awarded to Miss Emily Hunt, making nine awards to meritorious girls in this school, which we are happy to hear ranks among the best in the city. At the Eliot School a book was also presented to Amos H. Fairbanks, for special merit during the year. [Transcript.

Singular cause of Death. The Oswego Advertiser announces the death of Wm. G. Turner, who recently had charge of the Electric Telegraph at that place; and attributes his disease to the daily inhalation of the noxious gasses arising from the batteries—which are charged with mercury, acted upon by powerful acids—with which his system became impregnated. Similar fatal results were attributed to the Daguerreotype process, on its first introduction; but either greater care has removed the danger, or its extent was greatly exaggerated.

Among the Chinese articles exhibited in Paris, at the Hotel of the Minister of Commerce, is one which offers a peculiar interest as showing the state of science in the Celestial empire; it is a map of the world, presented by the Grand Mandarin of Canton, who appeared to prize it very highly. The Chinese geographer has arranged the earth after his fashion; for him there are no peninsulas nor isthmuses; the Isthmus of Suez is replaced by a magnificent arm of the sea, which detaches itself from the Mediterranean in order to throw itself into the Red Sea; the Isthmus of Panama is likewise wanting, and the two seas in this direction are joined together by the same process. There is also no question either of the Pyrenees nor of the Alps, and the great mountains of America are scarcely delineated. As a compensation, China occupies nearly three-fourths of the globe, and the other parts of the world appear to be countries of no importance.

The funeral of Bishop Fenwick took place Thursday morning, from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, in Franklin street. A very large concourse of persons was present to witness the solemn ceremonies. A few minutes past eleven o'clock the procession moved from the Church to the Worcester depot. The remains were taken to Worcester, for interment in a tomb under the College of the Holy Cross, established by him. In the procession were several of the Irish Temperance and Benevolent Societies. The Transcript mentions, as a pleasing incident at the funeral of Bishop Fenwick, yesterday morning, that the bell of Dr. Gannett's Church was tolled, which was done in reciprocity of a similar compliment (?) paid by the Catholics on the death of Dr. Channing.

Bishop Fitzpatrick. The succession of the Right Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, as Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, furnishes a suitable occasion for the statement of a few general facts in relation to his history. He was born in this city, in December, 1821, and is therefore now in his 34th year. In childhood, he attended the public school at Fort Hill, and there displayed such an aptitude for study, that his father, the late Bernard Fitzpatrick, was advised to have him educated for one of the learned professions. Acting upon this suggestion, and finding his son qualified, he placed him in the public Latin school, where he pursued his studies with great diligence and success till his 16th year, when his father sent him to the Montreal college. After passing four years as a student in that institution, he was appointed professor of belle letters, and held the office for four years. From Montreal he proceeded to Paris, where he studied theology three years in the seminary of St. Sulpice. In 1840, he was ordained priest in Paris, then returned to Boston, and entered upon the discharge of his pastoral duties. Being eloquent and accomplished as an orator, he at once became popular as a preacher, and at the same time obtained the confidence of the late bishop Fenwick and other influential persons, by the knowledge and sound judgment which he displayed in relation to the prudential affairs of the church. So rapidly did he rise in the estimation of those who knew the wants of the Catholic church in New England, that in 1843, at the council in Georgetown, he was nominated as a titular-bishop and coadjutor to bishop Fenwick. The nomination was confirmed by the late pope, Gregory the 16th, and on the 28th of March, 1844, at Georgetown he was consecrated by bishop Fenwick, and immediately upon his return to Boston entered upon his duties as coadjutor bishop of Boston. In his commission provision was made that, on the death of bishop Fenwick, he should become his successor forthwith; and by virtue of this commission, all the functions and powers previously vested in the late bishop devolved upon him, and he is now in the full and legal exercise of them. [Post.

This paragraph from the "Bee," is too strong and unqualified:—but has truth in it.

"*Our successful business men continue in trade too long.* They are not satisfied to retire when they have acquired a competency, and relinquish their places to others who have yet their fortunes to make. In their greediness for gain, and absorbing passion for accumulation, they not only seek to check a fair competition, and a liberal feeling in general towards new-beginners in trade, but will deny any and all assistance to young men whose long and faithful, but ill-repaid service, they obtain or protract, by indirect if not explicit, promises of business aid when they wish to start for themselves."

Good News from Paris. A letter from Paris in the last number of the American Review, discloses the following very interesting facts:

It is known to all who have been acquainted with France, that gambling rooms have always been under the surveillance of the police and were subjected to a tax, from which a considerable revenue resulted. These establishments, in every variety of form, and on every scale of magnitude, abounded in every quarter of Paris. The Palais Royal was especially noted for them, and as the chief part of that edifice is the private property of King Louis Philippe, that personage had a direct advantage in their continuance. Nevertheless, the whole system has been abolished, and no house of play can now exist in Paris without the imminent risk of detection by the vigilance of the police, and consequent subjection to the penalties of the law. And in fact, this measure of moral reform is carried into practical effect. Such houses now either do not exist at all, or exist so rarely and so stealthily as to have no considerable effect on public morals.

But a still greater wonder has been accomplished in the purification of Paris from the barefaced exhibition of female vice, which used everywhere to encounter the eyes, and which rendered it impossible for modest females to frequent the public walks at certain hours. All this has been reformed, and vice wherever it may exist now, is at least compelled to do homage to virtue by preserving the outward appearances and adopting the external manners of decency and propriety. The theatres, the public amusements and the public promenades of Paris are now exempt from the intrusion of any persons who can offend the eye of the most modest, or pollute the ear of the purest; and this is the case at all hours, not only by day, but by night. The streets at all hours are quiet and orderly, and the pedestrian encounters nothing indicative of the presence of any other qualities save virtue and propriety. When we remember the condition of certain localities in many of the American cities, even, we cannot but admit that the moral evils arising from the want of a strict and efficient police, are somewhat manifest.

From Europe The Caledonia arrived at this port Tuesday afternoon, about 1-2 past 1 o'clock, from Liverpool, having accomplished her passage in a few hours short of 14 days.

The strength of the Russell Ministry was tried on the Sugar question, on the 28th ult., and the new government triumphed with the large majority of one hundred and thirty.

Another attempt has been made on the life of Louis Philippe. The King escaped uninjured.

The repealers of Ireland are in open rupture. Mr. Smith O'Brien has actually seceded from the Association, and so have the members of the Young Ireland party.

The harvest in Great Britain promises to be abundant. The same disease that destroyed the potato crops in England and Ireland, last year, has attacked this season's crops.

Terrific Storm in London and its vicinity. On the 1st inst, London and the metropolitan counties were visited with one of the most awful hailstorms that has perhaps ever been witnessed in England. Property to an incalculable amount has been destroyed. The damage done in London alone is estimated at £100,000. During the morning of the 1st, the heat of the atmosphere was intense; at three o'clock the clouds became heavy and rain commenced. The rain was particularly heavy and accompanied at intervals by hail-stones of a very large size, many of them weighing from an ounce to an ounce and a half. The storm was at its greatest fury between four and five o'clock, and lasted three hours.

Italy. *The Amnesty* The long-expected amnesty made its appearance on the 16th ult., and caused universal joy at Rome. All the political prisoners included in the amnesty had been released from the castle of St. Angelo. Public rejoicings were conducted on a large scale, but with the greatest order. The Pope was the idol of the people. His carriage had been drawn by young men, of the best families, on Sunday, from the Church of the Missions to the Quirinal. A placard from the Secretary of State's office had been issued, recommending moderation, which the people at once obeyed by discontinuing their processions, though the nightly illumination was still persevered in.

The pleasant satire in this article is well aimed.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS.

Mr. Editor:—A suggestion has recently been made, by a lady, which is repeated from the N. Y. Tribune, in the Transcript of yesterday, that the polite and agreeable attention of the Railroad Conductors should be rewarded by some public demonstrations, &c. As the subject of public testimonials is becoming every day more important and interesting, I would propose that some rule should be established, by which the awards of merit should be more widely extended, more justly apportioned, and more appropriately distributed. The brave, the patriotic, and the scientific, have been complimented, with swords, vases, pitchers, &c., but some greater variety of articles, and a much greater number should be prepared for thousands whose claimes are as yet disregarded. The few who pay their just debts have been immortalized, so far as newspaper eulogiums and expensive presents could avail in doing so, and others are thus encouraged to follow so laudable an example. But I will mention some among the many who are equally deserving of public regard. Parents who are faithful to their children—children who are dutiful to their parents—merchants, mechanics and shop-keepers, who are liberal and just to their clerks, journeymen and apprentices—and these same clerks, apprentices, &c., who are true to their employers, polite and attentive to customers, and obliging in all things pertaining to their business. The names of all these worthies should be noted in the daily papers—and rewards or *tributes* corresponding to their virtues should be rendered.

While the most expensive materials of exquisite workmanship should manifest the grateful admiration of a nation, a party or a select few, to the warrior, the statesman, or the benefactor—humbler and cheaper demonstrations would serve a similar purpose for more common services in the lower, and lowest classes.

China bowls, earthen pitchers, tin cups, and pewter spoons, might sufficiently compensate and satisfy those who were in the habit of performing their daily duties without expecting any external reward; the consciousness of such well doing being sufficient compensation to such simple, ordinary minds.

Another, perhaps a smaller class than either, must be left unprovided for. Those whom a higher sense of duty to God, an enthusiastic love of Christian truth and moral principle incites to benevolent action and self-denying exertion for the improvement of their brethren—*all* their fellow beings. These men, like Paul and Barnabus of old, would shrink from honor and worship due to the heathen deities alone—and calmly but firmly declining the puerile baubles which a vain glorious multitude would force on their acceptance—would rather elevate all to their own high position, than stand alone conspicuous—or sink to a *low* elevation.

A. L.

[Chronotype.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week by Rev. Mr. Huntington of this city, from Luke vi. 37. "Judge not and ye shall not be judged; condemn not and ye shall not be condemned.

Subject,—Moral discrimination necessary to right judgment.

☞ N. B. Owing to the exercises of the P. B. K. at Cambridge, the Lecture next week will be omitted.

☞ *Commencement* at Cambridge next week on Wednesday. On Thursday the Oration by Charles Sumner, Esq., and the Poem by Rev. J. F. Clarke, before the P. B. K.

Haverhill. Rev. N. S. Folsom has asked a dismission from the Society in Haverhill.

☞ BAKER AND WOODBURY'S MUSICAL CONVENTION. Our musical readers are informed that Messrs. Baker and Woodbury intend holding a music Teachers' class at the Melodeon, beginning on the 25th of this month.

The deserved reputation of these gentlemen as Music Teachers, may give confidence to teachers in the country who intend to adopt the teaching of music as a profession that they will be well repaid for the time and expense of attending this class.

Mr Baker is well known as one of the Musical Superintendents of the Public Schools, and as President of the Handel and Haydn Society. There is no teacher, probably, upon the cultivation of the voice who has been more successful.

Mr Woodbury is likewise not only a successful teacher but an eminent organist and well qualified to sustain his share in the lectures and instruction to be given.

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Geneva, Kane Co., Ill., Aug. 4th, 1846.

☞ A CARD. The undersigned wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a very valuable box of books for circulation in the West, from Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., New York, containing 190 vols of Dewey's Sermons, 10 vols of Mrs Dana's Letters, and 30 vols of other valuable books—230 vols neatly bound in cloth. Also, several bundles of unbound books, periodicals, sermons and tracts.

The generous contributors of the above books may feel assured that they have chosen an efficient method of promoting the best interests of pure Christianity; and that to aid in the accomplishment of their noble designs will ever be esteemed the highest happiness of their humble servant. A. H. CONANT.

ag22

☞ AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION. The Annual Meeting of the Institute will be held this year in the First Church at Plymouth, on the 21st, 22d, 24th and 25th of August. Lectures and Addresses will be given by His Hon. John Reed, by Messrs. Tillinghast of Bridgewater and Page of Albany, Rev. Messrs. Whitman of Lexington and Potter of Springfield, Huntington of North Bridgewater and Hooker of Falmouth, Messrs. O. Carlton and R. Putnam of Salem, Lincoln of Hingham, and Rev Mr May of Syracuse, N.Y.

Discussions will take place on subjects of interest to the friends of education, and especially to practical teachers. All such persons are invited to attend the sessions of the Institute. a8

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Henry A. Rhodes, of Lynn, to Miss Abba E. Baker of Boston.

In Rochester, NY, 6th inst, by Rev F. W. Holland, Mr Thomas D. Kempton of New Bedford, to Miss Lucy Ann Young of R.

In Northampton, Va., 4th inst, Lieut. Thomas L. Ringgold, U. S. Army, to Miss Susan P. B., only daughter of the late Hon Abel P. Upshur.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday morning, 16th inst, suddenly, Mr Harrison Gray, bookseller, formerly of the firm of Hilliard, Gray & Co., 54.

In Plymouth, 6th inst, Lucretia A., wife of Rev G. W. Briggs, 34.

In Dorchester, 13th inst, Lavinia Barker, youngest child of Thomas C. and Mary R. Wales, 15 mos.

At Nahant, Mary, widow of the late Stephen Codman, Esq., 72.

In Salem, 7th inst, Susannah, widow of the late Jabez Farley, Esq. of Ipswich, 76; 12th, Joseph Frothingham, Esq., 75.

In Lowell, on Monday last, Julia Ann, wife of Dr J. C. Dalton, 42.

In New Bedford, on Monday morning, Sarah B., wife of David B. Kempton, and daughter of the late Benjamin Lindsey, 22.

In Hillsborough, NH, 9th inst, Nathl. Kendall, Esq. recently of Amherst, N. H., 90.

SPRING LANE SCHOOL is removed to the new building in Chapman Place, rear of the Horticultural Rooms, and will be known hereafter by the name of Chapman Hall School. This School will commence again after the vacations on the the 7th of September next.

Mr. Baker, the Principal, may be seen every day from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 2 P. M., at the house adjoining the School.

CHAPMAN HALL.

To be Let, in the new building in Chapman Place, rear of the Horticultural Rooms, a very pleasant and commodious Hall, 42 feet long and 33 feet wide. It will seat about 300 persons, and its quiet and central location make it a very suitable place for public worship. Inquire of AMOS BAKER. eop1m a22

WRENTHAM ACADEMY. The Fall Term will commence Wednesday, Sept 9th, and continue 11 weeks, followed by a vacation of two weeks.

This Institution is designed to qualify young Men for College, and young Ladies and Gentlemen for any department in life which they may be called to fill.

The important principles in the Physical Sciences will be illustrated by a suitable apparatus.

The members of the Preparatory Department connected with the Academy will be thoroughly instructed in the elementary branches of study preparatory to their admission to the higher classes.

L. ALLEN KINGSBURY,
SETH DEWING, Jr.

ag22 2w

UNIVERSITY EDITIONS OF COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS.

Homer's Iliad, with Notes by Prof Felton, 12mo.

Metres of the Greeks and Romans, with Notes by Profs Beck and Felton, 12mo.

Latin Syntax, by Prof Beck, new ed, 12mo.

Arnold's Greek Prose Composition, 12mo.

Demosthenes Orations, with Notes, by Prof Champlin, 12mo.

Seneca's Hercules Furens, with Notes by Prof Beck, 18mo.

Grammar of the Italian Grammar, by Prof Longfellow, 12mo.

Plato's Gorgias, with Notes by Prof Woolsey, 12mo.

Homer's Odyssey, with Notes by Prof Owen, 12mo.

Proverbes Dramatique, by Prof Longfellow, 3d ed, 12mo.

Alcestis of Eucipides, with Notes by Prof Woolsey, 12mo.

German Reader for Beginners, by B. Rolker, Instructar.

Agamemnon, with Notes, by Prof Felton, 12mo.

Antigone of Sophocles, with Notes by Prof Woolsey, 12mo.

Whately's Elements of Logic, 12mo.

Prometheus of Æschylus, with Notes by Prof Woolsey, 12mo.

Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics, 2 vols, 12mo.

Electra of Sophocles, with Notes by Prof Woolsey, 12mo.

Whately's Elements of Rhetoric, 12mo.

Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind, 5th ed., 8vo.

Elementary Treatise on Sound, by Prof Peirce, 8vo, plates.

Elementary Treatise on Plane and Solid Geometry, by Prof Peirce, 12mo.

Elementary Treatise on Algebra, by Prof Peirce, 4th ed, 12mo.

Elementary Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, 12mo, 3d ed.

Curves, Functions and Motions, containing Differential Calculus, &c.

Internal Calculus and Analytical Mechanics, 12mo, plates.

The above published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington, opposite School street. Together with all other classical books published in this country, for sale by the quantity or single copy, at the lowest prices. 3t ag22

THE MOZART COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC, containing Melodies, Chorals, Anthems, and Chants, harmonized in four parts; together with the celebrated Christus and Miserere, by Zingarelli, with the adaptation of English words; to which is prefixed the new method of instruction in the rudiments of Music.

The tunes in this book are of an easy and pleasing style, designed for choirs throughout the country.

The Miserere, or 51st Psalm, by Zingarelli, is one of the most celebrated compositions extant. It is designed to be performed by voices alone, and is never accompanied, when performed in Italy, even though instruments are at hand. It commences with what is called the "Christus," and is comprised in twelve short pieces, or sentences, each of which may be performed alone as an introductory, or occasional piece, and occupies twenty-one pages of the book. It is believed that nothing so beautiful, and so simple, has ever appeared in a Church Music Book in this country.

The work will be sent to booksellers early in September, on whom Teacheas are invited to call for copies, for examination, or on the Publishers.

PAINE & BURGESS,
60 John st, N. Y.

New York, Aug. 22, 1846. 3tis

DYER'S LETTER HOLDER. James Dyer, Court street, has a very convenient article, called the "Elastic Convex Letter and Invoice Holder." The elasticity of the spring, acting on a convex surface, keeps the papers firm in their place,—at all times allowing contraction or expansion. The taking out, or replacing papers, is done with great ease. Experience has proved it fully equal to its purpose, and warrants the belief that it will come into general use. 2w a15

DR. C. SOULE CARTEE'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, in Charlestown, Mass.

The *next Term* will begin on Monday, September 7th.

This is a Private School, limited to forty pupils, mostly residents of this town and vicinity. A small number of Young Ladies from abroad, are received into my family as Boarding Pupils, and are under the united care of Mrs. Cartee and myself. This arrangement is designed to meet the wants of those parents at a distance, who prefer, when about to send their daughters from home, to place them in the private family of the teacher, who will exercise a constant supervision over them.

The Course of Instruction is specially adapted to the female mind, and embraces all that is usually taught in the best Female Seminaries. While we endeavor rightly to develop the mental, moral, and physical powers of our pupils, we hope to return them to their parents free from those disagreeable airs and traits of character so often acquired at Boarding Schools. Circulars will be sent to any who may desire more particular information.

C. SOULE CARTEE, Principal.

References.—Dr. A. B. Thompson, Rev. G. E. Ellis, Wm. I. Buddington, Mr. John Hurd, Charlestown; George B. Emerson, Esq., Geo. S. Hillard, Esq., Boston; Rev. F. A. Farley, New York.

ag1 6tis

NEW IPSWICH ACADEMY. The Fall Term will commence on Wednesday, Aug. 26th, and close on Tuesday, Nov 10th.

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EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, Principal.

New Ipswich, N. H., July 1836. 4w ag1

PARK STREET SCHOOL. The Fall Term of the Park street School for Boys will begin on the first Monday in September. Applications for admission may be made at the rooms in Park street Church, between the hours of 10 and 12, during the week previous to the re-opening of the School.

og15 5w D. B. TOWER.

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W

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

PRAYER.

A child,
With full blue eyes, and softly clustering hair,—
An orphan, by the flinty-hearted world
Forgot,—one evening, in the dewy light
And calm sereneness of the blessed stars,
Knelt to her MAKER. She had learned to pray,
Catching deep, holy whispers from the lips
Of her sweet mother; and, while now she prayed,
Large tears of grief and bitter loneliness
Welled from the gushing fountain of her heart.
She prayed;—and, like some winged dream, her prayer
Flew upward to the throne of GOD, and He
Received it to his bosom:—and there came,
Mingled with star-light, a soft, inaudible
Response, that filled her soul with balmiest hope;
And, burdened with the excess of the new feeling,
She sobbed herself to sleep.

The morrow came,—
With gilded dawn, and song of early birds,
And bubbling of the joyous rivulet,—
And with it also came an angel form
That wakened this poor child with tenderest kisses,
Took her from want and tearful loneliness,
And was a mother to her.

Then she prayed
With a full heart of gratitude, so long
As on the earth she walked, and ever said,—
And taught her children thus to say,—
Our Heavenly FATHER, *blessed be Thy name!*

Dec. 1845. R. H. BACON.

[For the Register.]

"AND YE WILL NOT COME TO ME, THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE."

And is it thus!
Will we not raise to heaven,
Those strong affections,
Which, with life were given!
Will we not listen
To that love and power,
To guide us safely
In the troubled hour!
Do we not know that
All things sprung from earth,
Must fade and perish,
Where they have their birth!
We trust our lives to Him
Who came to save!
To throw his radiance round
The silent grave!
To call the spirit
To its destined home!
To its high birthright
Beyond the tomb!
To seek its bright
Inheritance, on high,
And trace his pathway,
Through the opening sky. L. C. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register.

TALES OF THE CHURCH. NO. VII.

CHARLEMAGNE.

From the ruins of ancient institutions a new and brilliant empire had arisen. The descendants of Clovis no longer sat on the throne of France; that throne they had lost by years of fratricidal discord, succeeded by years of effeminate neglect. Meantime the heroic Charles Martel had arrested the course of Saracen invasions, and preserved France from the fate which had fallen upon Spain. His son, more ambitious or less scrupulous, had taken from the shadow of sovereignty upon the throne the title of that power which in reality was already vested in himself; but to give a religious sanction to the act, had formally consulted the Bishop of Rome upon its propriety. The Bishop Zacharias, who felt that his own rising power must depend for support on that of France, sanctioned the proposed change. Pepin ascended the throne, and transmitted to his sons, Charles and Carloman, the crown which he had thus questionably acquired.

Carloman soon died, and his children were deprived of their inheritance by his brother. How seldom have those who have been great among mankind withstood the temptations to injustice which greatness presents! Charles,—better known in history as Charlemagne, (Charles the Great) was undisputed master of France and part of Germany. At the call of the Pope, as we may henceforth style the Roman Bishop, he entered Italy, and overthrew the kingdom of the Lombards there. He subdued the Saxons, and forced them by the sword to embrace Christianity; and on Christmas day in the year 800, received from the hand of the Pope the imperial crown, amid the shouts of the people who hailed the sovereign of Italy, Germany and France, by that title which had been borne by the Cæsars and the Constantines of old.

Six years previous to this event, king Charles presided in an assembly of an unusual character. Like Constantine five hundred years before, he had undertaken to heal the wounds of the church of Christ, to protect Orthodoxy and to root out heresy. The cathedral of Frankfort was thronged with the assembled dignitaries of the Western Church, and with those who by birth or office were privileged to be present as spectators at their high deliberations. On a throne, erected near the high altar, sat the king, and near him the two delegates of the Pope,—of that power which he had done so much to raise, and which was in future to triumph over his own imperial successors. Around were arranged in imposing dignity, the bishops and abbots of Italy, France and Germany; nor were there wanting representatives of the Spanish church, from the kingdom of Austria, and the provinces which Charles himself had rescued from the Saracens. There too were prelates from Saxon England, who had been warmly welcomed to the court of king Charles by their countryman Alcuin, the pupil of the venerable Bede, and now himself the instructor alike of the monarch and the nation. With these came learned men, according to the learning of that age, from Ireland, then independent, and distinguished among the nations for the piety and the scholarship of her sons. The Christian West had met in solemn council, in the presence of a sovereign whose mind was not less mighty than his empire to anathematize the heresy of two Spanish priests, and to pronounce upon the suspected orthodoxy of their elder sister, the Church of Constantinople.

"Felix, bishop of Urgel," proclaimed a herald, at the bidding of the secretary of the Council, "appear, if present, to answer before our gracious lord, king Charles, and this holy synod, to the charges brought against thee, of heresy and schism." At these words an ecclesiastic of venerable appearance rose from among the Spanish clergy, and advancing in front of the throne, made a deep obeisance and remained standing in silence.

"Venerable bishop," said the secretary Eginhard, "you are accused of teaching to the churches under your care a new and strange doctrine, derogatory to the divinity of our blessed Savior. But our gracious lord the king, and this holy synod would be far from condemning you unheard. Speak therefore without fear, what are the doctrines which you have taught."

"I thank my gracious sovereign and this sacred assembly," replied Felix, "that they permit me to make known in their presence the doctrine which I have preached. Nor will I affect ignorance what branch of that doctrine it is, respecting which I am now called in question. It is known to my sovereign that the portion of his dominions in which my trust is exercised, is at the foot of the Eastern Pyrenees, in that province which his victorious arms won from the Saracens."

A cloud passed over the countenance of Charles, at the mentions of conquests which recalled the calamitous day of Roncevalles, and the death of the hero Roland.

The bishop of Urgel continued. "The unbelievers, who still govern the greater part of Spain, have been so far restrained by divine providence in their injuries to the church, that the most venerable Elipand is still permitted to exercise his office as archbishop of Toledo, and to lead his subject churches in the way of life. This holy prelate hath at various times, honored me with his confidence, and the answer which I gave on an occasion when he deigned to consult me, hath led to those accusations which have now brought me to stand before this sacred council. The holy archbishop hath been grieved to hear the scoffs which the unbelieving Saracens around him use against the Christian faith, as though it taught idolatry, or anything unworthy of the Divine majesty. Hence was the good prelate led to inquire in what sense it is, that the blessed Savior is to be called the Son of God;—and wishing as he was pleased to state, for the authority of one advanced in age, and not like himself a subject of the Saracen power, he applied to me with the question, in what sense Christ is the Son of God! To this my reply was in the following terms. That Christ, considered in his divine nature, was truly and essentially the Son of God; but that considered as a man, he was only so nominally and by adoption."

At these words, a groan passed through the assembly. The king needed no further proof of the heresy of the sentiments which had been uttered. "And this atrocious doctrine," he exclaimed, "invented to accomodate Christian truth to the prejudices of infidels, you and the false archbishop of Toledo have taught to the unhappy churches of Spain! Where is the archbishop? Is he not here to answer for his misdeeds in this case?"

"He refused to come, gracious lord," replied the secretary, "and declares himself no subject of your highness, but of Abdelrahman, Caliph of Cordova."

"Well may he claim such protection," said the king. "Abdelrahman is himself a schismatic to his own religion. I recognize no Caliph but my great ally, Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdat. But let the trial proceed."

The trial was in effect finished, for the king's opinion was known. Still, the forms of investigation must be gone through, and an interval being required that the statement of Felix might be committed to writing, and witnesses produced, the further investigation was postponed to a future day.

Aistulphus, bishop of Ostia, one of the Papal legates, now rose, and after a low reverence to the sovereign to whom his master owed his temporal power, addressed him as follows.

"I come, mighty king, as the bearer of glad tidings in relation to a distant but beloved branch of the church. I need not tell your highness, whose piety and wisdom are alike distinguished, nor this venerable and holy council, how the churches of Greece have mourned under the fatal influence of the Iconoclast heresy,—how the imperial throne of Constantinople, when filled by the rude Isaurian peasant Leo, and his immediate successors, directed its power to destroy that reverence which all good christians pay to the statues, the pictures and the relics of the saints. In some churches, the images, which the people had long piously worshipped, were by command of the Emperors taken from their places, and elevated where the suppliant could no longer approach them, to bathe their sacred feet with penitential tears. In other instances, the sacred statues were torn down and impiously destroyed. In vain did the successors of St. Peter protest against the sacrilege. Even themselves were called on, by their allegiance to the Emperor, to assist in the dreadful work. But prefering the obligations of religion to those of loyalty, the holy pontiffs, Gregory the second and third, resisted the decrees; and to their energy is owing in no small measure, that Italy no longer submits to the sway of Greece, but rejoices in the orthodox government of Charles the Great.

"But a happier day has now dawned on Greece. The Empress Irene, the pious widow of the late sovereign, has given her zealous aid to the cause of the holy images; the second council of Nice, with wisdom and inspiration worthy of men assembling in the same place where met those holy fathers who suppressed the heresy of Arius, has declared that the statues of the saints ought to receive worship from the believers. I place before this holy council the august decree of the Eastern church, thus restored to the true communion. Rejoice, gracious sovereign, and you, holy fathers; rejoice, and give to St. Peter the honor that is due, for chiefly by his means, through his present venerable successor, has this blessed consummation been effected."

There was something in this speech which grated hashly on the ears of the western prelates, high as was already the reverence for the see of Rome; and Charles, as he heard the worship of images applauded and their destruction condemned, thought of the time when he had himself destroyed the Irminsula, the idol of the Saxons, and of the scorn with which he had then thought of those who could bow down to wood and stone. But a treaty of marriage had already been suggested by the Pope, which should unite the conqueror of the West with the Empress of the East; and though Irene was burthened with the suspicion of having murdered her husband and son, the prospect of extending his dominion to the utmost limit of ancient Roman power was too dazzling to be lightly relinquished. The parchment scroll which contained the decree of the Greek council, translated into the Latin language, was taken from its gorgeous envelope, and reverently opened by the Secretary. The assembly listened to its contents in silent disapproval for some time; but when the words were read, "I receive and honor images according to the adoration which I pay to the holy Trinity," the members of the council rose to their feet with a unanimous exclamation of dissent.

"How is this, Sir Bishop?" said the king; "would our friend Pope Adrian have us countenance idolatry?"

"Heaven forbid, most gracious lord!" replied the Italian, in some confusion; "nor could the holy council of Nice fall into such an error. But they denounce the impiety of those monsters who have torn down the sacred images and sacriligiously broken them to pieces."

"And now, to make amends for the impiety of their fathers, they not only replace the images, but fall down and worship them! Let them do so if they think fit; but our Franks who have never gone to the one extreme, are not prepared for the other."

"Perhaps, gracious lord, the translator has not rightly rendered the words of the holy council from the Greek."

"Be that as it may, we must act upon the words as they are before us. Reverend fathers, we await your sentence."

Alcuin now rose, and all eyes were turned with respect upon the venerable form of the father of learning in France.

"Honored sovereign," he began, "the words we have last heard read may indeed be too strongly rendered; but we cannot mistake the sentiment of the entire decree. It advocates a practice which is in itself superstitious, and which may lead hereafter, if it has not yet led, to most degrading idolatry. I do not justify the course of the Grecian Emperors during the last three reigns. In opposing the worship of images they may have used violence where persuasion would have been more suitable; nor could they expect anything but resistance when they commanded the statues of the Saviour and of the saints, to be torn down and broken to pieces. Their violence has wrought its own overthrow; images have been restored in the East, though I fear by most unworthy hands. If peace can hereby be given to the church, I rejoice; but I cannot sanction the fever of idolatrous devotion which succeeds the recent chill. Nor do I see without alarm, the part which the see of Rome has taken in this transaction. The Bishop of Rome is now, through the bounty of your majesty and of your great father, a temporal prince. His spiritual authority too has been strengthened from time to time. The present seems a fitting occasion to place some check upon a power that may else overshadow the whole Western church, as it seems by this late transaction, to have subjected the Eastern. My sentence then is that this council reject the decision of the Synod assembled in Greece to establish the worship of images, and that such persons as the king may appoint, make known to the see of Rome the causes of our dissent."

A burst of approbation from the assembly manifested that the sentence of Alcuin was the sentence of the council. The Roman legates in vain endeavored to oppose the decision; and it received the sanction of the king.

On a late day, the council declared the opinions of Felix, bishop of Urgel, and Elissand, archbishop of Toledo to be heretical. Felix was subsequently compelled to retract his sentiments and passed the remainder of his life in banishment from his diocese.

Pope Adrian, by skilful policy, prevented those consequences to his own power and influence which were threatened by the independent conduct of the council of Frankfort; and Charles, though firm upon the subject of images, cultivated alike from policy and religious feeling, a good understanding with the see of Rome. He was about to unite his new imperial crown of the West, with that of Irene, when that restorer of image-worship was driven from her usurped throne, and compelled to sustain by the labors of the distaff, the relics of an existence, embittered by the memory of her regal splendor and her unnatural crimes.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

[From the Watchman.]

WHAT IS DEATH?

"Father," said James, as they left the house, "what is it to die?"

"The separation of soul and body, my dear child; and you now see it, for the first time, in one you have known and loved."

"It seems so strange to me! When I saw Henry last, his cheeks were redder than when we played together, he talked with me and told me to come soon again; to-day he looked like marble, when I put my hand on his forehead it was cold, it made me shudder."

"When you last saw your friend, he had a high fever, that gave his face to you the look of health; he felt stronger too, while the fever lasted, and thought himself better, when it was destroying the very springs of life."

"Do you think the moment when he died was more painful than the distress his mother told us he had the morning before we saw him?"

"I cannot think the moment of death was very painful; we have just learned from the nurse, he sank away as if going to a quiet sleep. I once heard a young and strong man describe his sensations when freezing; he said for some time he felt an aching and tingling sensation in his whole frame, as we feel in our hands or feet, when they have been long exposed to the cold; then a drowsiness which he could not control, and he sank insensible in the snow, without any knowledge of suffering, until he found himself in a warm bed, and every effort of rubbing and bathing, made by kind friends; the pain was great when the blood again began to flow in his veins, and he was very certain he should have had no more bodily suffering, had he perished."

"How does death change the soul?"

"We have no reason, my son, to believe it changes it at all, except in the mode of its existence. It introduces it to a holier and happier world, if we love the Lord Jesus Christ. And I earnestly wish to impress this truth upon your mind; we shall enter that world with the dispositions which we have nourished, and the capacities of enjoyment which our care has improved here. The moment conscience speaks to us, and you can best say how early you heard its voice, from that moment you have not ceased to engrave on the tablets of memory, thoughts, acts and feelings, that shall unfold their records in the presence of your Maker, and your own soul alone. Our consciences in that future life will be our inexorable judge. How will the disobedient child, who has disregarded the law of truth and love, bear the record of the misery he has caused, and the great wrong he has done his own soul, unfitted by vice, to partake in the employments of the pure and blest.

"If you doubt this power of memory, let me remind you of the poor lunatic girl in Germany, who would repeat perfectly pages of Greek. As she could not when well, read her native language even, much less Greek, inquiries were made into her history. It was found in early life, she had lived in the family of a clergyman who was in the habit of walking in a passage next the kitchen, reading Greek aloud. Unknown to herself, it had become a part of the treasures of her memory. And shall not the thoughts and feelings that deeply move us and prompt our actions, again live before us? For myself, I no more doubt it, than I doubt I now see, and hear, and feel, and think.

A LEGEND OF JUDEA.

The site occupied by the Temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married, and had several children; the other was unmarried; they lived together, however, cultivating, in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived; the two brothers bound up their sheaves; made two equal stacks of them, and left them on the field. During the night, the one who was unmarried was struck with an excellent thought: my brother, said he to himself, has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his. Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brotherly offering might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone, without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labors, nor to reward him for his toils; while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent we shall, by adding secretly a certain number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased." The project was approved, and immediately put into execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went to the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks equal. During several successive nights, the same contrivance was repeated on each side; for, as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night both having stood sentinel to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other: it was all thus elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother. Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God; men blessed it, and Israel chose it; there to erect the house of the Lord!

[Lamartine, Voyage to the East.

ARTICLES OF THE OREGON TREATY.

Art. I. From the point on the forty ninth parallel of north latitude, where the boundary laid down in existing treaties and conventions between Great Britain and the United States terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of her Britannic Majesty and those of the United States shall be continued westward along the said forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island; and thence southerly, through the middle of the said channel, and of Fuca's straits to the Pacific Ocean; provided, however, that the navigation of the whole of the said channel and straits, south of the forty ninth parallel of north latitude, remain free and open to both parties.

Art. II. From the point at which the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude shall be found to intersect the great northern branch of the Columbia river, the navigation of the said branch shall be free and open to the Hudson's Bay Company, and to all British subjects trading with the same, to the point where the said branch meets the main stream of the Columbia and thence down the said main stream to the ocean, with free access into and through the said river or rivers; it being understood, that all the usual portages along the line thus described shall in like manner be free and open.

In navigating the said river or rivers British subjects with their goods and produce shall be treated on the same footing as citizens of the United States it being, however, always understood, that nothing in this article shall be construed as preventing, or intended to prevent, the government of the United States from making any regulations respecting the navigation of the said river or rivers, not inconsistent with the present treaty.

Art. III. In the future appropriation of the territory south of the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, as provided in the first article of this treaty, the possessory rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of all British subjects, who may be already in the occupation of land or other property lawfully acquired within the said territory, shall be respected.

Art. IV. The farms, lands, and other property of every description, belonging to the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, on the north side of the Columbia river, shall be confirmed to the said company. In case, however, the situation of those farms and lands should be considered by the United States to be of public and political importance, and the United States government should signify a desire to obtain possession of the whole or of any part thereof, the property so required shall be transferred to the said government at a proper valuation to be agreed upon between the parties.

Art. V. The present treaty shall be ratified by her Britannic Majesty, and by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof; and the ratifications shall be exchanged at London at the expiration of six months from the date hereof, or sooner if possible.

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seals of their arms.

Done at Washington, the 15th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight-hundred and forty-six.

RICHARD PAKENHAM. (L. S.)
JAMES BUCHANAN. (L. S.)

THE SLAVE TRADE DONE UP. The Monrovia Herald of the 18th June says: "The slave trade about here is breathing its last gasp. The British cruisers have so closely invested these dens of blood and death, that the slavers find it impossible to send off their victims. The slavers at the Galimas have given up their slaves to the natives, and some of them, we have been informed, are waiting with impatience an opportunity to quit the coast. Those at New Cestos, making a virtue of necessity, have embarked in the palm oil trade. Success to this branch of their business."

TERRIFIC HAIL STORM AT DIXMONT, ME. On the afternoon of Thursday last, there was a terrible hail-storm at Dixmont having its certre at Dixmont Corner. The wind was very high, and many of the hail-stones were not only "as large as a hen's egg," but a great deal larger. All the glass exposed to the north was demolished—most of the crops entirely ruined—the corn beaten to the bare poles—the foliage beaten from forest and fruit trees. The storm was of short duration, but terribly destructive; indeed it has been suggested that some of the farmers in that vicinity may need the aid of a generous public, on account of the entire destruction of their crops. [Bangor Whig.

The scene in the magnetic telegraph office at Baltimore during the prevalence of the storm of Friday afternoon is represented to have been fearfully sublime. The electric fluid with which the clouds were charged took complete possession of the magnetic telegraph lines, rendering them entirely unmanageable in the hands of the operators. The lightning could be seen continually playing around the instruments, and at one time a ball of fire, apparently several inches in circumference, came in on the Washington wires and exploded with a loud report. One of the operators had a narrow escape at this time, as he just had his hand raised to touch the instrument when the fluid came in.

SEASONABLE ADVICE. At this season in particular, and with such variety of weather, Physicians say great care should be observed in Diet, avoiding eating green fruit, eating everything sparingly, and once or twice a week making a meal on salted provisions.

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